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[The Editor will be pleased to consider manuscripts if accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes. He accepts no responsibility, however, for manuscripts submitted to him.]

Events of the Week.

SCUTARI has fallen, and the Concert is confronted once more by a crucial test of its ability to act. The final bombardment of the fortress on Tarabosch was carried through on Monday, and was followed by an infantry assault. The taking of the key to the city induced Essad Pasha to capitulate on Tuesday night, a step which King Nicholas made easy by allowing the garrison to march out with its arms and even with cannon. There seems no doubt that the Servian guns, if not also the Servian infantry, shared in the last fight. The losses of both sides in the last engagement are said to have reached 10,000—doubtless an exaggerated figure. Essad Pasha's reason for surrendering seems to have been mainly the exhaustion of his ammunition. The newspapers still talk of the place as "Turkish." But Essad Pasha is not a Turkish regular officer, but an Albanian magnate of old family. Most of the garrison consisted of Albanians, and during the latter half of the siege the town flew the Albanian and not the Turkish flag. King Nicholas has, of course, made the expected

announcement that the town is now "Montenegrin for ever," and his agents are declaring that the offer of monetary compensation is an insult. Others suggest that a larger sum might be an acceptable flattery.

* * *

THE fall of Scutari shows all the Powers in their original attitudes. Russia has had a fresh access of Pan-Slavism, and France, or the French press, shares her emotions. Austria hints, semi-officially, that unless the Concert can somehow dislodge King Nicholas she will have to consider isolated action. But in one way or another if the Powers retain any faith with each other or any regard for their engagements, the Concert must certainly act. A failure to hand over Scutari to Albania would, of course, tear up the whole work of the Conference, and Austria would be free to take the Sanjak, and even to interfere with the Servian occupation of Ipek, Djakova, and Prisrend. If the Concert were to acquiesce in the seizure of Scutari by Montenegro, its power to legislate in the remaining questions of the war would be ended. Albania would remain in Servian and Greek possession—a Balkan Poland, and the whole of Sir Edward Grey's patient work would be upset. None of these things are likely to happen. Speaking after the Ambassadors' Conference on Wednesday, at a dinner of foreign journalists, Mr. Asquith spoke hopefully of the prospect of a "durable peace," and predicted that "sooner rather than later we shall reach the goal which has been so long and so laboriously sought."

* * *

LIBERALS need feel no disquietude at the prospect that Scutari will fall to Albania. It is, as even the Russian official *communiqué* admitted, "a purely Albanian town." It was, indeed, under Servian rule for a time in the Middle Ages, like nearly every Balkan city, and the Venetian, Bulgarian, and Byzantine flags have also flown there. But most of its modern life was spent under hereditary Albanian Pashas, subject only to a nominal Turkish suzerainty. It is a strange perversion of Liberal traditions which can plead the "right of conquest" as decisive. Conquest may be a tolerable evil when the conqueror brings a superior civilisation. But the Montenegrins are, on the whole, on the same level of civilisation as the Albanians. More was at stake than the fortunes of the Scutarenes. An Albania without Scutari is as unthinkable as an Athens without Greece. Its relative wealth, its trade, and above all its colleges and schools, will form in the new State an indispensable nucleus of civilisation. The issue is one between the rights of nationality and a purely predatory claim.

* * *

MR. LLOYD GEORGE's skilful Budget had one point of interest—how would he meet the threat of a deficit? His critics put forward three courses. The Chancellor might: (1) rely on existing sources of revenue; (2) encroach on the Sinking Fund; or (3) discover a new source or modify the old basis of taxation. His choice fell on the first expedient, fortified by a very buoyant estimate of the elasticity of revenue and the prospects of trade. He had to provide for £195,640,000, or £6,838,000 more than the actual revenue of 1912-13.

Against this he anticipated that, with the help of £1,000,000 from Exchequer balances, swollen by last year's appropriation from the realised surplus, the existing sources of revenue would be equal to the demand, with the small margin of £185,000 to spare.

In reality the Chancellor budgeted for a deficit of £815,000. He estimated that the sources which provided £188,802,000 in 1912-13 would assure the Treasury £194,825,000—an increase of £6,023,000—in 1913-14. How he hopes to gain this sum may be seen from the following comparison of the new estimates with the actual receipts in the past fiscal year:—

| | Actual in 1912-13. | Estimated, 1913-14. | Increase or Decrease. |
|--------------------------------|-----------------------|------------------------|--------------------------|
| Revenue from Taxes:— | £ | £ | £ |
| Customs | 33,485,000 | 35,200,000 | +1,715,000 |
| Excise | 38,000,000 | 38,850,000 | + 850,000 |
| Death Duties | 28,248,000 | 26,750,000 | +1,502,000 |
| Stamps | 10,059,000 | 9,800,000 | — 259,000 |
| Land Tax and House Duty | 2,700,000 | 2,700,000 | — |
| Income and Super-tax | 44,806,000 | 45,950,000 | +1,144,000 |
| Land Values Duties | 455,000 | 750,000 | + 295,000 |
| | 154,753,000 | 160,000,000 | + 5,247,000 |
| Other Income:— | | | |
| Post Office | 20,300,000 | 21,125,000 | + 825,000 |
| Telegraphs | 3,100,000 | 3,150,000 | + 50,000 |
| Telephones | 5,775,000 | 6,350,000 | + 575,000 |
| Crown Lands | 530,000 | 530,000 | — |
| Suez Canal, &c. | 1,419,000 | 1,370,000 | — 49,000 |
| Miscellaneous | 2,925,000 | 2,300,000 | — 625,000 |
| | 34,049,000 | 34,825,000 | + 776,000 |
| Total | 188,802,000 | 194,825,000 | + 6,023,000 |

THE Chancellor's reasons for these estimates were in the main as follows: He considered that the coal strike and the holding back of dutiable goods at the end of the financial year ought to give him £1,350,000 more from Customs and Excise. To this he added the "normal" increase on the assumption that the general trade of the country would show no falling off in the current year. Furthermore, the revenue of the past year had lost its proper share of death duties on account of the delay in clearing up some large estates for probate. To income tax he assigned an extra £1,144,000, his justification being that a very moderate year drops out and a good one is included. He did not examine his Land Values duties in detail, but looked for an increased yield from their "abnormal growth," assisted by the progress of the valuation. As to the non-tax revenue, he showed a generous trust in the future of our trade by reckoning on £1,450,000 more from Post Office services.

THE Budget is, of course, optimistic. That, indeed, is the only criticism which Tory journals have fastened upon it. The Chancellor can hardly be accused this time of putting his estimates too low in order to have a surplus to play with at the end of the year—a charge which would certainly have been made had his finance been obviously cautious. As things stand, the story of the year can alone show whether or not his estimates are too high. On the other hand, they have been framed to fit a tremendous expenditure, and here is the real ground for criticism. A year in which the revenue has to be so generously estimated as to tune it up to a very high total, is not the time for costly experiments in armaments, and it is emphatically a time for re-introducing and re-enforcing the old sharp Treasury control of the spending Services.

THE King and Queen have been paying a round of visits to industrial Staffordshire and Cheshire, visiting, in turn, the railwaymen of Crewe (where there is a

signalman Mayor), the potters of the Six Towns, and the miners, silk-weavers, and dyers of the neighborhood. They showed, as usual, a very human interest in what they saw and in the workers with whom they talked, and were no doubt amply repaid by the simple and homely frankness of their reception.

THE Social Democrats have dealt a heavy blow to the forces behind the German Army Bill. In a powerful and closely documented speech, Herr Liebknecht has uncovered some of the practices of the great armaments firms. Krupps maintain a Berlin newspaper, and other firms have, from time to time, by invitation from the War Office, contrived, by means of advertisements, newspapers, and almanacks, to popularise the demand for a greater military expenditure. So cosmopolitan are these firms, that one of them even had two Frenchmen as "directors." But the most interesting revelation was the production of a letter sent by the Deutsche Waffen-und-Munitions-fabrik to its agent in Paris, inviting him to insert in the French Press an article stating (falsely) that the French Government had secretly doubled its order for machine guns. The object was, of course, to force the German Government to imitate this imaginary provocation. The Reichstag seems roused, and the Budget Committee is demanding a Parliamentary Committee of inquiry. The Socialist proposal for a Commission with judicial powers was defeated. But in pressing the milder proposal the Reichstag is making a precedent, while it defies the Government by exceeding its hitherto recognised powers. It is probable that the Minister of War will resign.

THE Belgian Franchise strike passed through varying fortunes during its second week. Some men returned to work, others who had hesitated came out. The Brussels newspaper printers who came out late went in early. But, on the whole, there is no doubt that the strike was well maintained, and that the number of demonstrators ranged from 400,000 to half-a-million. The effect of the cessation of the coal-supply was felt severely, and appeals from traders to the Government to yield grew increasingly frequent. The men kept exemplary order. There was no rioting, and only in one or two instances did the police interfere with the great processions and demonstrations. Equally marked was the steadiness of Liberal sympathy with the strikers.

THE actual victory has been won by the intervention of the Chamber. M. Lorand's proposal for a sort of referendum was not pursued. In its place it was proposed from the Liberal benches to pass a resolution extending the scope of the promised commission of inquiry from the municipal to the Parliamentary franchise. A perfunctory condemnation of the strike was inserted in the text of this resolution to save the face of the majority, and with this addition it was passed with practical unanimity, the Socialists abstaining. M. de Broqueville is doubtless relieved to be able to bow to the will of the elected representatives of the people, and the Socialist leaders, who entered on the strike with great misgivings, are more than satisfied. The Strike Committee has decided to accept this promise of satisfaction for their demands. A Commission, it is true, is far from being an Act of Parliament. But the workers of Belgium have proved their resolution and their solidarity, and it is not likely that the Clerical Government will again attempt to trifle with them. Thus far the first political strike in Western Europe has been a brilliant success.

THE Chinese Parliament has now sat through a fortnight of complete but exciting inaction. It has not yet elected its Speaker, still less the President, and the reason for the delay touches its central problem. Yuan-Shih-Kai's party, which stands for centralisation, is in a slight minority. The more Radical Federalist Kuo-Ming-Tang party, which represents the Southern Revolutionary school, could for the moment control the House. But the provisional President is supposed to be using those arts, first perfected by Walpole, by which hostile majorities crumble away. If he can delay long enough he may have the Chamber with him.

* * *

MEANWHILE, the Chinese Government has taken the rather startling step of inviting the native Christians to pray for the new Parliament and the President about to be elected. The Archbishop of Canterbury has warmly embraced the proposal, and suggests that prayers should be offered up for the Republic in every Anglican Church. The suggestion has been well received by his clergy, though Archdeacon Moule thinks that it may be a "political device," and the Bishop of Southwell fears that the request will be somewhat embarrassing, for it "comes at a time when we are beginning to lose faith in prayer in our own country." Lord William Cecil, in a very interesting communication to the "Mail," points out that the movement comes from the serious, moral, anti-opium party. If that is so, the only decent answer to China's petition is an uncompromising demand from our churches for the prompt cessation of the opium traffic. The invitation seems to be a tentative step towards an official adoption of Christianity, and even the formation of a native Protestant Church.

* * *

THE Unionist Housing Bill, introduced last year by Sir A. Griffith Boscawen, was sponsored last week by Sir Randolph Baker, and was read a second time with the consent of the Government. It differs vitally from the Fletcher Bill which we discussed a fortnight ago, though the two measures are alike in aiming at cottages at uncommercial rents. The Fletcher Bill enables the private landlord, by means of State credit, to run up large numbers of new dwellings. The Baker Bill recognises the local authority (in other words, the Rural District Council) as the main channel through which new cottages should be provided. The measure deals with Urban and Rural Housing, allotting £500,000 a year to each. The principal change made since last year is that it is now proposed to pay out of State funds "four-fifths" instead of "half" of the deficiency of any housing scheme. Three main attitudes were taken in the course of debate. The Bill was attacked, root and branch, by Mr. Neilson on behalf of the Land Values Group, and supported by Mr. G. H. Roberts as the best proposal in being. But Mr. Roberts made the very proper qualification that it was the business of the Government to act and to produce its own proposals. Finally, Mr. Walter Long, moving from his earlier position, accepted the principle of a State subsidy.

* * *

MR. JOHN BURNS's line was, on the whole, less hostile than last year. The Government were ready to revise the means by which the present grants in aid of local rates were given, and to make administrative amendments. But he still insisted that the mere talk of State doles had dried up the stream of private and municipal enterprise; declined to accept the proposed Housing Commissioners; refused to "sell the economic pass"; and declared that the Government would not move in Committee the necessary resolution for provid-

ing the money which the Bill requires. Whether the Unionist backers of the Bill will now try to carry it through Grand Committee, or will argue that these limitations render it practically valueless, is not yet known. In any case the position of the Government is quite unsatisfactory. What is the point of resisting a proposal which, though inadequate, is good as far as it goes, and which they may be compelled to adopt as part of their own policy?

* * *

THE "Cat-and-Mouse Bill" was read a third time in the Commons on Wednesday by 294 votes to 56. Mr. McKenna did not put the case for it very high. He admitted that he could give no security that the conditions of the licences would be kept, but pleaded that he had no alternative except to discharge prisoners who would not take food and could not with safety be forcibly fed. With regard to this class he would be "somewhat better off" than before. Some of them might escape, but then some others could be brought back to prison. If they go out of jurisdiction altogether, then the Home Secretary, like Dogberry, thanks God that he is well rid of them. This, of course, is lax justice. And we are afraid it will not work out as good Liberalism. On Thursday, the Bill went through the House of Lords, faintly assisted by a deprecatory dialogue between the Lord Chancellor and Lord Salisbury.

* * *

MISS LIND-AF-HAGEBY has lost her libel action against Dr. Saleeby and the "Pall Mall Gazette." The long trial revealed the most brilliant piece of advocacy that the Bar has known since the days of Russell, though it was entirely conducted by a woman. Women, it appears, may sway courts and judges, but they may not even elect to the High Court of Parliament. We discuss the real aspects of the case elsewhere; its legal issues were, from the first, doubtful. It was not certain whether the libels applied to Miss Lind, or to any person in particular, or even whether they were libels at all. The object of the defence was to show that they were merely proper censures on the way in which the anti-vivisectionist case was conducted in the famous shop in Piccadilly, the chief advertisement of which is a model of a dog on an operating table, strapped down and gagged. For these methods Miss Lind-af-Hageby was no doubt responsible, and the jury found against her.

* * *

MR. MACKINDER's motion, on Wednesday, in favor of a National Theatre for the performance of Shakspeare's plays and other "dramas of recognised merit," came to nothing, for the closure could not be carried. But it revealed a general, though not quite a united, body of friendly opinion. There is Tory and Liberal support for a National Theatre. The Tory movement favors an English equivalent of the Théâtre Français, and aims at maintaining our "classical drama," founding a school of acting, and, reckless of Shakspeare's curse, "disinterring," in Sir William Anson's phrase, the "dramatic riches of our language." The latter would like something between the Théâtre Français and a Théâtre Libre. The Government is not unsympathetic, but stands aside, suggesting, through Mr. Ellis Griffith, that it is too much to ask the State to find £400,000 out of £500,000 of the necessary capital. The Conservative idea was very finely outlined by Mr. Mackinder; the Progressive view by Mr. Arthur Lynch and Mr. Ponsonby, the first of whom feared that a National Theatre would be too "literary," too "pompous," and too remote from practical morals and from the drama of ideas. Substantially, however, the two schools unite.

Politics and Affairs.

AN OPTIMIST BUDGET.

IN the present state of Europe, optimism is almost a public duty, and certainly no Liberal need quarrel with Mr. Lloyd George for having produced a cheerful Budget. Liberalism is the creed of optimists; and if the Chancellor has framed his estimates in the belief that for the current year at all events the Ormuzd of this world will get the better of its Ahriman, we shall all wish well to his forecast. But we must make one appeal to him. The Chancellor foretold a year of almost paradisaical peace. War was to cease; strikes were to be avoided; trade was to go on flourishing; even harvests, we gather, were to be good. That, we have no doubt, represents an authoritative view of world-commerce and of our own industrial position, and some of those who quarrel with it stand under the suspicion of wanting the bad times they foretell. Nevertheless, the realisation of these estimates depends in some degree on the statesman who made them. Mr. George relies in the main on an elastic revenue for his means of escape from an impending deficit. But he cannot divest himself of responsibility for the expenditure they are designed to meet. He pictures a world satiated with the spirit of war. Could there be a fitter occasion for an abatement of the scourge of armaments? The Balkan War is being closed, largely by the action of this country. Our character for disinterestedness stands high; the national safety is assured; the business of armaments rests for the moment under a thick cloud of suspicion and popular dislike. In particular, it is the business of the Treasury to resume its traditional control over expenditure. If Mr. George resumes that control, he will have nineteen-twentieths of the party with him. If the Government as a whole, speaking for an Empire which rests on the arts of peace, declares for a halt in armaments, it will add an appropriate crown to Sir Edward Grey's work of appeasement. But in any case, the Chancellor is bound to act the part, not of a passive spectator of the good he prophesies, but of an active providence in its behalf. If trade is not as brisk as he hopes it will be, or if the Balkan War is prolonged, or degenerates into internecine strife, there is at least nothing to absolve our own governors from the paramount duty of ruling their own household with economy.

Another reflection will occur to students of Mr. George's interesting survey of the course of national taxation and expenditure. "Whither are we being led?" asks the "Telegraph" of the social policy of the Government. Whither, but towards a humane and civilised State? We thought ourselves a rich country in 1861. But in comparison with 1913, we were almost a barbarous, and certainly an undeveloped, land. Our population—which spent fewer pennies on "national" education than it now spends shillings—was burdened with a debt of £28 per head; and yet a penny on its income tax only produced £875,000. To-day we bear a debt burden of only £14 per head, and each penny

levied on our incomes realises nearly three millions. In 1861 Gladstone budgeted for an expenditure of £70,000,000. To-day these figures do not cover the cost of the Army and the Navy alone; and they represent a mere fraction of a total outgoing of nearly £200,000,000. Judging by the mere display of material wealth, the contrast between the Britain of 1861 and that of 1913 is enormous. Or take the fiscal situation. Mr. George drew a strong bow in 1909, and the force of the arrow is not yet fully spent. The taxes imposed by the Budget of that year have now produced twenty-six millions, and next year Mr. George estimates that they will yield half-a-million more. But none of them have been seriously felt. The Chancellor expects a larger return on greatly increased spirit duties. The super-tax provides a perfectly steady revenue, and a further million this year is apparently due from the 1909 scale of income-tax levies.

Yet what is the distribution of the wealth from which this toll was taken? Some measure of its inequalities can be gathered from the Chancellor's account of the incidence of the death duties. 425,000 adults died last year. Of these, 355,000 owned no property. But out of the 425,000, 292 alone died worth £92,000,000 between them. There is therefore evidence of the existence of an immense annual store of wealth, reaped not only from the industries of these islands, but from the tremendous lien which Britain holds on the rapidly developing energies of the Americas, and indeed of the entire Western and Eastern worlds. From these accumulations a Radical Chancellor now takes a part, but only a part, of the twenty millions a year he devotes to the relief of wages and to the redemption of the ills of honorable old age, and as a moderate pledge of physical security for the working life of the people. Here, then, is a deliberate effort of constructive policy, having in view the recuperation of the national life, the repair of its manhood and childhood. The modern Budget has long outgrown its earlier character of an adjustment of the national resources to half-a-dozen sharply limited needs. It is also the account-book in which our Public Efficiency Fund is kept up to date. Without such provision, it would have been impossible for a modern statesman to face a community resting on poor men's votes. Indeed, if our wealth be as abundant and its increment as sure as the Chancellor anticipates, the present balance of taxation is obviously unfair, and there is ample ground for a relief of the sugar duties at the expense of the super-tax, and for a resumption of the policy of free food which was the basis of Gladstonian finance in the 'sixties, and is still the unredeemed inheritance of the Radicalism of 1913.

What Free Trade finance has done is, indeed, a very great thing in itself. It has enabled the tremendous exchange of wealth which our foreign and home trade represents to go on at the least possible charge, and with the slightest measure of hindrance by the State. The Protectionist alternative is now reduced to a peddling impost of about 3 per cent. on fifty millions' worth of fully manufactured foreign goods. What shadow of comparison exists between this fiscal plan and the free-flowing abundance accruing from the two great but essentially simple instruments for the taxation of surplus

wealth associated with Sir William Harcourt and Mr. Lloyd George? But the future presses. Hitherto, Free Trade had carried two passengers on its back, the Social Reformer and the Militarist. By a series of brilliantly sanguine calculations, and a slight, though quite fair, adjustment of the Exchequer balances, the Budget re-fixes the double burden for just another twelvemonth. But both travellers are growing fast. Next year, if only an element or two in the Chancellor's estimates goes astray—if the Allies quarrel or the harvests fail—their bearer may break down. In a sense, therefore, Free Trade statesmanship is the enemy of its own success, and only if we recur to its higher moral purposes can we hope to reap its full material reward.

THE TRADE IN FEAR.

"MURDER as a profession" was a bitter phrase with which early apostles of peace like Dr. Price and William Godwin familiarised the eighteenth century. We no longer think of the professional soldier as the most serious danger to peace. In the welter of "real" interests which centre to-day in our modern preparations for war, it is almost a relief to dwell on anything so frank, so human, and so primitive as the ambitions of a fighting man who still clothes himself in the uniform of romance. Our concern is with "murder as a business," and even this phrase flies wide of its mark. The soldier has glory to gain and his life to lose in actual war. But the contractor and the financier are commonly better pleased to deal in the panics and precautions of peace. Their trade is in fear. It is a brilliant piece of service to peace which Herr Liebknecht and the German Social Democrats have performed in lifting a corner of the veil that shrouds the operations of Krupps and its allies in this international trade. They have brought definite facts and authentic documents to the public mind, and for once the full reservoir of knowledge and speculation and suspicion, which has been for long years the property of the advanced parties in Europe, has burst its banks and spilled its flood to irrigate the thinking of the plain man.

That a trade so profitable and so wealthy should so often succeed in creating an artificial demand for its wares is the commonplace of politics and business. Everyone who cares to know anything knew that Krupps maintain a daily newspaper in Berlin. No one has yet forgotten that the naval scare, when the contractors said they must have eight, and wouldn't wait, had its origin in false information about the acceleration of German building, conveyed to the Opposition by a contractor. When we know so much, we know enough. The special interest of these German revelations was that they told us something of the international operations of the armament firms. We discover a German firm which maintains a sort of ambassador in Paris, and expects him to manipulate the French Press in such a way as to promote a demand in Germany for its own wares. Revolting though the procedure was, it is probably only a peculiarly gross and rather stupid instance of a tendency which must be continually at work. In this

instance the German firm had to invent a downright lie. It wished to circulate in the French Press the false statement that the French Government had decided to double its order for machine guns, expecting thereby to have material enough to demand a like increase, to its own profit, in German purchases. The more usual process, we should suspect, is commonly rather more subtle and effective than this. Long before anything authentic or official was known in Germany about the new German Army Bill, long even before its details can have been actually fixed, the news of what it proposed was current in an exaggerated form in the French Press, and gave rise at once to a corresponding increase in French armament orders. We do not say that the armament firms had any part in this action, but it would not be surprising to learn that an occult combination of French and German firms had helped to work it in both countries with the aid of their allies in the Press and in finance. A German firm which knew that some single powerful influence at the German War Office was agitating for some increase would have an interest in conveying that news in a too definite form to France. The inevitable reply from France would make it certain that the forward school in the German War Office would win.

It is a theme on which endless variations could be invented. The trade in armaments is cosmopolitan, and the trick of making one customer buy because another is going to buy has been reduced to a fine art. It is not many years since an amusing illustration came into the English law-courts. A gentleman who was dissatisfied with the treatment he had received from his employers told his grievances to a jury. He had evidently been an ingenious and valuable servant. He combined the two professions of correspondent for a great English newspaper and agent for a great English armament firm. His sphere of operations was at one time South America, and during the long tension between Chili and Argentina he kept impartially in touch with both Governments, acquiring and even more industriously giving news. Each was assured in turn that the other was about to buy an inordinate number of battleships in England, and in due course mutual fear did induce them both to buy, and to buy from the same English firm.

The German Socialists have uncovered the really entertaining fact that one of the leading German firms is financed largely with French capital, includes two Frenchmen on its board, and used to conduct its business in French. To complete the network, a novelist who was writing a satire on the International Armaments Trust need invent only one further detail to cap this discovery. He would make these same two Frenchmen simultaneously directors of a French armament firm. But, indeed, there is no need to invent. A few years ago the French Socialists uncovered a parallel scandal which, for some obscure reason, failed to obtain an equally wide European publicity. French and German groups interested in armor plate and munitions obtained from M. Jonnart, then Governor of Algeria and now Foreign Secretary, a concession to work the rich iron ores of Ouenza in Algeria as a united syndicate. A vigorous campaign of satire quashed this precious arrangement before it could be ratified. But the two groups main-

tained their alliance and transferred to the mines of Morocco their fraternal ambition to dig iron-ore for the equal benefit of French and German defences. It is obvious that if co-operation can go so far as this, it may, and probably does, go much further. There is not even a frail instinct of sentiment to forbid the trading of these firms with States which are outside the system of alliances to which their country belongs. It amused the Reichstag to learn that the original Krupp, whom "patriotic" historians are apt to rank only third after Bismarck and Moltke among the makers of modern Germany, had dealings with Napoleon III. There is nothing unusual, as things go, in the fact that Armstrongs has a branch in Italy, a member of the Triple Alliance. But it is rather startling to recollect that German armaments firms have competed for Russian naval contracts, and have been entrusted with the building (on Russian soil, it is true) of Russian warships.

It would be stupid to affect surprise or indignation at these uncouth developments of the business of war. Modern States have fed the monster for their own convenience, and they must expect him, now that he has reached maturity in a world of syndicates and trusts, to develop the habits and appetites of his kind. A cynic might even put forward a defence for the outrageous system which makes modern diplomacy the tout of these armament firms. When the German Embassy competes with the French in Constantinople to obtain orders for Krupp rather than for Schneider; when loans are granted to dependent States on condition that the proceeds shall be spent at Creusot rather than Essen; when Austria, having just decided not to invade Serbia, forces her as the price of peace to buy her guns at Skoda—all this does at least serve to fend off the extreme pressure of the armaments interest from the home Exchequer. The monster must eat, and it is just as well that he should not always seek his prey at home. In the face of such a scourge as this, the first step is to understand the facts, and all the facts. But even so, the most vigilant democracy will rarely be able to do more than suspect the origin of the scares and incitements that reach it. When the news is suddenly published in London that Italy is building Dreadnoughts, or Austria arming against Russia, who is to guess by what devious channels—a newspaper owned by an armament magnate, a financier engaged in "bear" dealings, a paid agent, or an innocent journalist looking only for facts—the news, true or false, might ultimately be traced to the armaments interest?

A wise democracy, realising its own helplessness in such a maze, will come to two resolves. The first of them is to add one more reason to the many which command it to have done with armaments and wars. The second is that while a duty of defence still requires it to arm, it will keep the business of war in its own hands. An international Labor Party, looking out for things to nationalise, would do a great service to peace if it could persuade every civilised State to make an end of the private trade in war, and to manufacture its armor-plate, its ships, and its guns exclusively in its own yards and arsenals. If a simultaneous wave of commonsense could enforce that decision

in Great Britain, France, and Germany, we should expect to enjoy a surprising immunity from scares, and to note a sharp decline in the organised clamor for competitive armaments.

THE ACROBATS OF TARIFF REFORM.

WHEN Mr. Joseph Chamberlain launched his propaganda in 1903, the prophets of the movement set a limit of ten years for its achievement. There were to be food taxes to keep out foreign foods, to give a preference to the Colonies, and to encourage British farming without raising prices to British consumers. Substantial duties upon foreign manufactured goods would restore our languishing home industries, securing full regular employment at higher wages for all our wage-earners. The revenue, which the foreigner would pay for the goods which our tariff failed to keep out, would finance defence and social reform, while the restored power of retaliation and negotiation would enable us to compel foreign nations to take more of our surplus manufactures than they do now, without sending any more of their own goods into our markets in payment for the same.

It was inevitable that this tissue of absurdities should work out in explosive comedy. Fragments of this comedy have been revealed from time to time, and exposed the strange predicaments to which a Tariff Reform party has been driven. But the acrobatic events of the last few months have been so astonishing as to challenge a dramatic review of the whole performance. This has just been furnished with incomparable skill and humor by an able and serious politician, bearing a great historic name, whose growing disgust at the pranks of Tariff Reform has just driven him from the Unionist Party. No one who has not read this brilliant little book by Mr. George Peel, "The Tariff Reformers" (Methuen), can fully understand the history of the last ten years. For it is only by following in illustrative detail the landmarks (or should we say sandmarks?) of Tariff Reform in the House of Commons and the country, that any sort of intelligible meaning emerges from the chaos. Mr. Peel, taking up the story from the time when the new glorious mission was first entrusted for fulfilment into the reluctant hands of Mr. Balfour by the great Midland missionary, describes in accurate and illuminating detail how, for two long years and more, it was manipulated by this master of dilatory tactics to the growing confusion and consternation of true believers. 1905 was an amazing spectacle of Free Fooders and Whole Hoggars fighting, not so much for the possession of the Prime Minister, as for the evidence of that possession. It was a holy war between the Homo-ousiasts and the Homoi-ousiasts.

"An exegesis arose as to his genuine convictions. Political scholars collated texts and brought out editions, with learned annotations and prolegomena, as though the Prime Minister were an Alexandrian patriarch. Commentaries worthy of a Lightfoot or a Hort were compiled and refuted. To judge by the obscurity which men found in him, he might have been an early Father or a modern poet. Cabinet Ministers fought like critics, and critics like Cabinet Ministers. Grave citizens, who thought that they had proved him Protectionist or Free

Trader, awaited his next utterance with as much anxiety as in ordinary times they would await the Derby Sweep."

This was Mr. Balfour "in covert" as Prime Minister. It might have appeared as if the "land-slide" of 1906 would have submerged the dilatory tactics which, in the eyes of good Tariff Reformers, now the great majority of Unionist members, were the cause of the disaster. In truth, however, Mr. Balfour was thoroughly aroused to the full zest of the game. His method was two-fold. First came the process known as "elucidation," by which one cryptic utterance was "explained" by another more cryptic, as when the famous "Half Sheet" record was supplemented by the still more famous "Valentine letter," which again was brought into fresh confusion by the more detailed proposal for "broadening the basis of taxation." The other method lay in constructing constitutional bunkers along the course. This started with the "two Election" scheme, accompanied by a pious consultation of the Colonies. Afterwards, when the reckless precipitancy of Tariff Reformers had shoved the House of Lords across the political track, Mr. Balfour saw in the urgency of Constitutional Reform a fresh and admirable obstacle. If only the House of Lords issue could be bloated out into sufficient magnitude, it might even displace Tariff Reform.

When the implacability of Birmingham and the folly of the Die-hards made this impracticable, Mr. Balfour played his last and most daring card, the Referendum proposal. After the momentary enthusiasm for this "dishing" dodge had collapsed, and no electoral value came from it, the fall of Mr. Balfour could not long be postponed. Mr. Peel, with great perspicacity, shows how these issues of the year 1911, widely different in origin and nature, Canadian Reciprocity, Lord Lansdowne's House of Lords Reconstruction Bill, and the Parliament Act, contributed to force the resignation of the Unionist leader. Thus the inherent impossibilities of Tariff Reform destroyed Mr. Balfour. What of his successor? After the grasping confidence of the Midland "Prince Hal" had overreached itself, and pushed Mr. Bonar Law on to the vacant throne, upon the score of his "tactful and judicious" speech, the Tariff Reform prospects seemed brighter. Unfortunately, the tact and judgment did not reappear. Even if they had, Mr. Law was unequal to the task of sustaining the cause of fiscal revolution in a period of unexampled commercial prosperity.

It really was not Mr. Bonar Law's fault. He had prayed for bad weather as fervently as anybody, but the sun kept shining in the heavens. What was a poor, mortal statesman to do? The idol of Birmingham was growing dimmer even to the eyes of worshippers, and the blight of opportunism began to spread fast among the rank and file of the party. Compromise was once more inevitable, if the party was to be kept together. So a time of great rejoicing for the "Spectator" set in. "Lancashire upset the plans of Birmingham." It had long been agreed that food taxes were to be arranged so as to make food cheaper, not dearer. But Lancashire remained incredulous, and they had to go. In this first

jettison Mr. Bonar Law made a brave attempt to destroy imperial unity by reserving for the Colonies a "call" upon food taxes in the future. After some further floundering, a new and "perfectly definite" policy has been reached, an all-round tariff on manufactured goods, Imperial Preference without food taxes, and negotiation with the Dominions, under a Two Election Scheme, on this question of food taxes. The cold assent of Birmingham has been accorded to this new, disheartening formula.

There can be, and is, no serious pretence that this last notion forms a real basis for Tariff Reform. The "Morning Posters," slaves of principle, still adhere to the original gospel of the elder Mr. Chamberlain: "If you are to give a Preference to the Colonies, you must put a tax on food." They lament the betrayal of the British farmer, and the whittling down of the manufacturing tariff to suit the timidity of business men in good times such as those in which we have been living. But the gossellers of Birmingham, though discouraged, do not despair. They are already beginning eagerly to note the signs that trade has touched top, and that a depression may be expected. Nature and the course of economic events, which have worked so powerfully against them, may take a favorable turn. A couple of really bad world-harvests, a serious collapse of credit, a set of dangerous international complications, even the chance of a European war, any paralysing blow to our industrial prosperity, may serve to bring back a fresh flow of blood into the withered limbs of Tariff Reform, a fresh glow of health into its pinched features. Meantime, it is only necessary to have a formula so loose and elastic that it can be twisted readily into any shape or size suited to the chances and changes of the time of waiting.

THE JAPANESE IN CALIFORNIA.

It is impossible to view without concern the revival of the anti-Japanese agitation in California. It has, as a matter of fact, never really died down since the trouble over the schools question in 1907. San Francisco, six years ago, issued an ordinance excluding Japanese children from the "white" public schools. After a controversy which excited keen indignation throughout Japan, and showed the impotence of the American Government to enforce its Treaty obligations against the resistance of any one of its component States, the problem was disposed of by a compromise that never seemed to have promise of permanence. Congress passed a law of very doubtful constitutional validity forbidding the immigration of Japanese from Mexico, Canada, the Panama Canal zone, and Hawaii into the United States; the Japanese Government voluntarily undertook not to issue permits to its subjects for emigration to America; and the San Franciscans, having carried some at least of their objects, agreed to reopen the public schools to Japanese students. But these expedients left the situation practically unchanged, and in the past few years several Bills have been introduced into the California Legislature for discriminating against the fifty thousand Japanese who have established themselves on the Pacific Coast. One of these measures, which, happily, was not

adopted, provided for the segregation of Japanese and other Orientals in residential quarters. Another prohibited aliens from becoming directors in Californian companies. A third, which has precipitated the present trouble, forbids the acquiring of land by aliens who are ineligible for American citizenship by reason of their "Mongolian" origin. The discussion of this measure has been followed by all the phenomena of 1907, hot resentment among the Japanese, hurried appeals by the President and the Secretary of State to the California Legislature to remember that Japan enjoys certain treaty rights that cannot be set aside, and the statesmen of the Pacific Coast going their own heedless way amid an increasing stew of anti-Japanese feeling.

We get down here to the realities of what publicists are fond of calling "The Pacific Question." It is not a question of naval or commercial supremacy, but of the social and economic relations that are to obtain between the white and yellow peoples. Among the English-speaking communities that border the Pacific, whether they live under the Union Jack or the Stars and Stripes, there exists a deep, popular resolve to exclude from their sparsely-settled territories the masses of China and Japan. It is a resolve fed by the jealousy of trade-unionism, and by the ugly play of racial antipathy. But it has also its better side. The English-speaking peoples and the type of civilisation, manners, morals, and beliefs which they represent, stand for a cause—the preservation of America as a white man's, or at any rate a white and black man's, country.

What California is clearly working up to is an absolute embargo, such as has already been laid on the Chinese, on the immigration of all Japanese of the coolie and artisan class. Her immediate and material interests by no means favor such a policy. California wants labor above everything else, and enough white labor is not to be had. The foundations of the State's development, her railways, irrigation, and reclamation works, were made possible by the influx of Chinese laborers. When that influx was stopped by legislation, the Japanese began to pour in. They have now filled the gap left vacant by the Chinese. As farm hands, fruit pickers, domestic servants, and railway workers, their services are not only sought after; they are indispensable. They form a law-abiding, intelligent, industrious colony. They have most of the economic virtues of the Chinese, and few or none of their moral failings; and nothing in the nature of a Japanese "China-town" has ever existed in San Francisco. They are rarely drunken or disorderly. They go to America merely to work. They never become a charge on the treasury, or beg in the streets, or meddle with politics, or concern themselves in any way with governmental or religious institutions and strifes, but lead a separate, harmless life, leaving the country when they have hoarded enough to provide for the remainder of their days. As scientific farmers and market-gardeners they put Americans to shame; and if California were to repatriate to-morrow every Asiatic within her boundaries, her material progress would hardly recover from the blow in twenty years. There is hardly a housewife on the Pacific Coast, or an employer of labor, or an agriculturist who would not suffer by their exclusion.

It is probably only to a very small extent that the Japanese settlers enter into direct competition with Americans. In the towns the occupations they engage in are for the most part those that Americans do not care to follow. It seems, however, to be the fact that in such trades and industries as both races practise, the industry, thrift, and lower standard of living of the Oriental drive his Caucasian rival to the wall. The Japanese, again, are accused of commercial slipperiness, of always trying to wriggle out of a bad bargain; and local opinion maintains that since the war with Russia they have shown in their bearing a rather aggressive consciousness of their new honors and prestige. Nor has it made for racial peace to find that the wealthier Japanese, since the San Francisco fire and earthquake of 1906, have contrived to establish themselves in some of the best residential districts of the city. All this, working on a community ruled by a violently aggressive trade-unionism, has made the Pacific coast a hot-bed of anti-Orientalism.

The factors that add to the difficulty of the diplomatic situation that has thus been created between the United States and Japan are the cock-a-whoop intemperance of the American Press; the turbulence of San Francisco; the assistance which the representatives of the Pacific States will receive from Southern Congressmen and the Labor Party in pressing forward an Exclusion Act; the power for good or evil—usually for the latter—which the delicately adjusted scheme of American politics puts into the hands of an organized and resolute minority; and finally, the growing conviction in Japan that in this question there is involved the whole issue of her status among civilised nations. On the other hand, there are some weighty influences for peace. The moderation and uprightness of President Wilson's statesmanship; the restraint of the Japanese Government, fixed to its absorbing task of reconstruction and development; the heavy bonds under which the United States lie to retain the good-will of a Power that is and must long continue to be arbiter of the Far East; the triviality of an issue that touches the security of neither Power; and the fact that Japan, while anxious to preserve her interests in Hawaii, is by no means anxious to see her subjects settle permanently in the United States, and would far sooner divert them to Manchuria and Korea; all these are reasons for thinking that the situation is far from being a hopeless one.

A London Diary.

LIBERALS still shake their heads gravely over the speeches of some Ministers—notably Colonel Seely's and Lord Herschell's—on conscription. What do they mean? Is the ark of Liberalism in danger? Is even one of its priests a doubter? I believe that the inculcated ones say No. They are all against conscription, the absolutely rotten invasion case is not being stealthily bolstered up, the generals are in hand, and the admirals will not turn the Government's flank by coming to their rescue. All that the agitation will mean is that the Territorials will get the little extra money and atten-

tion they want, and then the ranks will fill up and all be well. I hope so. Mr. Runciman and other Ministers have spoken admirably; and there is certainly full confidence in the Prime Minister's staunchness, which, though sometimes a little slow to reveal itself, usually decides these waverings in the camp. But a strict watch is being kept.

As a piece of constructive exposition his Budget speech was, perhaps, the best thing of this kind that Mr. Lloyd George has yet done. It was well proportioned, fell naturally and easily into its successive parts (three chapters and an epilogue), and, with no aid from the cheaper devices of fiscal rhetoric, held the mind in an agreeable state of suspense—that is to say, with all the pleasure and little of the strain of that emotion.

MOREOVER, the delivery was better than we have been accustomed to of late, especially in Mr. George's more colloquial utterances, which, with all their vivacity, are apt to be a little formless. Here the style and elocution were alike admirable, notably so in the dexterous use to which those arts were put in insinuating rather than enforcing the moral of the brilliantly conceived retrospect which took us back with a purpose to the anti-French scares of fifty years ago. Nothing so amusing has been seen for a long time as the look of dismay on the faces of the Opposition on learning that they (and the rest of us) were again to escape additional taxation this year. One gathered that an increase on anything would have been welcome—even on the super-tax.

So far as Parliament is concerned, the conscription movement seems to me to be losing ground. Its friends are sulking, and in the Lords last Monday they visited their spleen on the Opposition by refusing to come and listen to its spokesmen. Indeed, I have never seen a military debate so meagrely attended in that paradise of militarists. Although unaccountably omitted by Lord Lovat from his list of rival experts to Mr. Balfour, Lord Middleton very considerably rectified the omission by nominating himself—to the almost indecent yet entirely humorous gratification of the Lord Chancellor. Perhaps it was only to be expected that Lord Curzon should supplement his colleague's repudiation of compulsion by promptly rising and declaring it to be inevitable. On this incident is probably based the ingenious suggestion that the bold idea of a conference on conscription between the two parties only occurred to Lord Curzon after he had failed in what might have seemed the less desperate enterprise of getting up a conference on the subject with his own Front Bench.

ONE hears so much slight, and at the same time such gloomy, talk about South African politics, that it is a relief to hear an authoritative account of a thoroughly cheerful kind. No doubt General Hertzog's exit has led to some racialism. But it is quite harmless. The Dutch are perfectly loyal to the Union and the Crown. Their chief practical aim is to get a rather larger share of Union employment, and as from 70 to 80 per cent. of

the present employees are British, that is not exactly a subversive design. For the rest, they do not want to be drawn into our Jingoism, or to pay a heavy tribute to the Navy. Meanwhile, the country is doing thoroughly well. Agriculture and shipping, and general industry are all on the up-grade.

In politics, indeed, there is something of a blank. There are many good men, though none of absolutely first-class force. But Botha, in spite of his want of Parliamentary and constitutional knowledge, is a fine fellow, honest and plain, long-suffering to a fault, but with tenacity of purpose and a real sense of a mission. He is the only man who could hold the Government together, and he has no real rival, while the Unionists, though they are not doing badly, are still rather short of personalities. Patience, says my informant, is what the country wants, and always conciliation. "And," he added significantly, "no one of account speaks against C.-B.'s policy to-day."

I HAVE just had a budget of news from one who visited the Montenegrin trenches a day or two before Scutari fell. He describes the condition of the Montenegrin fighters (one can hardly call them soldiers) as deplorable. They were half-starved, clothed in rags, and crazed with lust for vengeance upon the Albanian city. The "intelligenza" (educated people) hoped the siege would be prolonged until most of the population were starved to death. The other Montenegrins vowed to slaughter two Albanians for every Montenegrin lost in the war. He reports that King Nicholas was protesting privately that he only longed for peace, but that he dared not oppose the passionate desire of his people for vengeance. Such protests are characteristic of that gallant old "poseur." The assertion of Montenegro's agents and supporters in London that the Scutari population is more Serb than Albanian seems to have caused some amusement in Cetinje. That is the kind of diplomacy the Montenegrins enjoy.

As to Adrianople also, the earlier reports that there was no privation in the city were entirely mistaken. An Englishman and an American, both of high position, write that they have been living there since the surrender, and the need is terrible. The Turkish prisoners were dying by hundreds of starvation and weakness. Before the surrender the people were living on bread made of dust, broom-seed, and "all kinds of dreadful things." American missionaries have started soup-kitchens, and are giving one meal a day to as many as possible. But the numbers overwhelm their resources, and most are living entirely in the open because there is nowhere to house them.

My Greek friends are very anxious for me to repeat the denials from Athens of the statement that a secret treaty has been concluded between Greece and Serbia in respect of a division of territory in Macedonia. On this question of fact, Bulgaria and Greece are undoubtedly at issue, though the Greeks would not, I suppose, deny that there is a military understanding which, in the nature of the case, must assume an anti-Bulgarian aspect. The

Bulgarians, I believe, mean to publish the original Servo-Bulgarian Treaty, and to make good their claim that Servia at least has grossly violated it. Greece, I imagine, is less directly concerned, while she, on her part, alleges illegality and violence against Bulgaria. But her quarrel really hinges on a single point, the possession of Salonica. From that town her army will not budge. She would, I believe, concede the question of a free city so far as a protective tariff is concerned. But she vows that she will never consent to set up a second Eastern Roumelia to be snatched by Bulgaria at the first opportune hour. Her present policy, therefore, is to declare that Salonica must remain Greek, and that her army will not leave it unless they are forced by a disastrous war.

THE other day I met Mr. Crawford, the Wesleyan missionary who spent twenty-three years in Central Africa as the guest of one of the black Napoleons of that much-suffering land. Twenty-three years without seeing a railway train, two years and a half without receiving a letter! Mr. Crawford returned after this exile bewildered by the change in the outer ways of London—its telephones, electric railways, nervous excitability, and light-mindedness. I asked him three questions about Central African politics, and he gave very interesting answers. First, he believed Mohammedanism to be on the wane. Secondly, he found the Union Jack to be enormously popular. Thirdly, he thought German colonisation unsuited to the genius of the German people.

A WAYFARER.

Life and Letters.

A RICH MAN'S RELIGION.

IN one of the searching studies in his "Winds of Doctrine," Professor Santayana describes America as "a young country with an old morality," contrasting "the aggressive enterprise" it has shown in business, invention, and social experiment, with the "genteel tradition" which prevails in religion, art, literature, and moral sentiments. A curiously apt illustration of this truth is afforded by the personal history of the two men who have carried to a higher pitch than any other of their age the aggressive enterprise of industry and finance. Both have been sustained in this strenuous and successful life of business by what, without intentional disparagement, must be described as rudimentary pietism. Not, of course, that the stiff Calvinism of "the agonised conscience," as Dr. Santayana calls it, has survived unmodified by modern influences as a dominant force in modern American life. Not even the Baptist Church, to which Mr. Rockefeller adheres so faithfully, has retained intact the original doctrines of total depravity and of tragic exultation in the retribution to be meted out to sinners by a justly incensed Deity. The Episcopalian Churches, which in the great cities of the Eastern States appeal more largely to persons of means and social influence, have moved much further with the spirit of the age. They retain, of course, in form the old dogmatic positions. But they swathe them in sentiments of culture and refinement and lay constantly more stress upon ceremonial and "institutions" by which social work for present betterment is graced and inspired by religious sanctions. The ministers of many of these churches are men whose liberal learning and profound modernity of feeling would be shocked by the naked intrusion of the grim dogmatic structure of the old Protestant doctrines. Indeed, among the large and

growing "educated" public of America, including the great bulk of regular Church attendants, there are probably few who remain firmly convinced in heart and mind that religion means absorption in another world than this, and that their personal salvation has been purchased for them two thousand years ago by the single tragic crisis of a Divinely ordered drama.

But it is significant that the remnant of the Old Guard should have retained in its ranks so stalwart a supporter as the late Mr. Pierpont Morgan, the opening passages of whose will ring with the notes of fierce challenge to the invasions of modern thought. Two generations and more of scientific study in comparative religion and of ethical criticism mean nothing to him. "The Blessed Doctrine of Complete Atonement for Sin," by which the soul accepting the redeeming sacrifice appears "faultless" before the Throne, remained for Mr. Morgan the single absolute core of spiritual life, the maintenance and defence of which he bequeaths to his children as a duty to be performed "at any cost of personal sacrifice." All commentary upon so deeply personal a topic at such a time will to some doubtless savor of indelicacy. And so it would, were there any doubt about the complete and even passionate sincerity of Mr. Morgan's solemn utterance. But an utterance which the writer doubtless designed for the publicity which he knew it must attain cannot properly be passed in silence. For the circumstances of this utterance bring up in almost dramatic prominence a whole group of profound spiritual issues, the reconciliation of the worship of God and Mammon, the spiritual relations between the things of this world and of "the next," and the secular controversy between faith and works as modes of salvation. Indeed, one aspect of this last testament is that it translates the doctrine of Atonement into the veritable "needle's eye," through which the greatest accumulator of riches who has ever quitted this world may pass, and that not hardly, into a divine habitation. With what a power is vested this simple act of Faith, by which the soul is purged of all the "dross" of this world's dealings, and presents itself in "faultless" purity for a fresh eternity of life in which neither Trust-making nor art-collecting play any part!

What can we say of such a confidence save that it affords one more instance of the power which words possess to inhibit scrutiny into their meaning? For it would be very convenient if this single simple "acceptance" of a doctrine enabled us, without the least interference with the engrossing pursuit of riches, power, and other worldly accessories, to enter confidently upon the possession and enjoyment of a wholly different sort of treasure, after exhausting those which rust and moth corrupt. Moreover, as analytic historians of the Puritan movement have often pointed out, this confident theology, with its moral discipline, not merely does not antagonise, but renders invaluable aid to, the successful conduct of a life of business enterprise, furnishing just those aids to temperance and industry that are needed. In this way a certain instinct of personal economy has probably assisted to keep the ruling business families of America in the old religious paths. It is a tribute to the strength and intensity of the character of such a man as Mr. Morgan that this useful convention should have been invested by him with such a passionate sincerity of meaning.

But "sincere" as that meaning is, that sincerity itself must be diagnosed as superficial to a degree almost incredible. For not only has the doctrine of Atonement, to which he attributes such infinite worth, ceased to be the living principle of modern Christianity, but we venture to assert that, if Mr. Morgan himself had ever had the time or inclination to submit it to the touchstone of his free moral feeling, it could never have survived that test. Modern Christianity no longer builds upon the foundation of a single historic act of substituted sacrifice. It is the life, not the death, of Jesus that feeds much of the operative faith of modern Christianity. The Kingdom of Heaven is the inner kingdom of a spirit which requires that the thought, the feelings, and activities of this life shall be devoted to its attainment, and its conception of the process of atonement

is one that demands the active co-operation of each soul here and now in reconciling and bringing into harmony the conflicting and discordant traits and tendencies which infest alike the inner and the outer life of man.

But most of all does the spiritual thought of our time impugn the narrowness and selfishness of the older conception by which each individual soul made a separate peace with God. The corporate life, not only of the family, but of the community or nation, and of humanity in its wider sense, comes more and more into prominence in this new spiritual plan of atonement. Not only the individual but the collective soul demands salvation, and that not a postponed salvation in another world, but in this. In the subtleties of individual psychology it may be possible to produce a superficial reconciliation between the absorbing activities of the life of business and pleasure and a higher life for Sundays, kept in a separate parlor, and carefully locked in on week days. How unreal such "atonement" is may be perceived if one essays closely to imagine what would be the spiritual fitness of the typical business hustler who was suddenly projected into an everlasting being which made no call upon and gave no scope to any of those faculties and interests which had served to win success in this life.

But that is not the last word in the spiritual incongruity. One important part of the ordering of this life, which belongs to the work of atonement, is the infusion of the spirit of human brotherhood and unity of purpose into the economic, political, and other social institutions which are the natural vehicles of the associated spiritual life of men. This critical duty of atonement is utterly ignored by men whose piety enables them to play the great game of business or of politics or of society in strict accordance with the prevailing rules framed by the ethics of bygone ages, and to apply to their own enrichment and aggrandisement the rich fruits whose cropping makes so many poor. We are aware that to many of the friends of Mr. Morgan, as of Mr. Rockefeller, the suggestion of this failure to realise the needs of social atonement will appear void of justice. They will point to the munificence with which these great money-getters have assisted causes of philanthropy. This, however, is in truth the most convincing testimony to the accuracy of our charge. For such men are primarily money-getters, and it is in the processes of getting money, far more than in spending it, that they exercise their influence upon the world in which they live. The sophism that money ill-got can be compensated by good spending is one of the two sophisms that are most blinding in their appeal to men of great possessions. The other is that money is only ill-got when the getter infringes the rules imposed by money-getters in the current codes of law and custom of their country. We need a Christianity to-day which realises clearly, and in the light of modern knowledge and modern feeling, the full inadequacy of the old dogma of Atonement, and the necessity of charging it with the spirit of reforms which shall make this world a better preparation for the life which is to come.

ON HUMANITY IN RESEARCH.

It is a balance of emotional and intellectual tendencies which keeps the average opinion of educated men and women aloof from either of the decided opinions on the subject of vivisection. The struggle against most of the conventional practices which involve animal suffering becomes with each year less necessary. There is no intellectual defence for cruel sports, for the destruction of birds and beasts in the interests of adornment, or for the wanton suffering which careless methods in the supply of animal food still involve. The enemy here is only ignorance or apathy or the tyranny of habit. But two streams of tendency seem still to neutralise each other in the discussion of the ethics of research. If the world is more sensitive than it was to animal pain and the waste of animal life, it is also fired as it never was before with an ambition to make an end of human disease. It is

torn between an equally sincere concern for the animal in the laboratory and the baby in the slums. It has lost the old confident, mystical belief in the unlimited rights of mankind. We are less ready than our fathers to assume that the possession of reason is title enough for the infliction of any suffering which seems to serve our ends. The doctrine of evolution has deflated that arrogance. No one defends vivisection to-day, as Descartes defended it, on the ground that the beasts are nothing but automata. It is rather the ambition of making an end of certain of the more deadly diseases, once for all, by a sort of national campaign—with State aid and organised effort—which explains the recent movement for the defence of this particular form of research.

Partly for this reason, and partly because a judge and jury cannot try a deep moral issue, this week's libel case turned mainly on the controversy over the failures and successes of vivisection. The personal issue was of secondary importance. The high character, the unflinching courage, the evident generosity and disinterestedness of Miss Lind-af-Hageby are no less conspicuous than her persuasive talents, her tact and ability as an advocate. Her reputation will suffer nothing from a verdict which was necessarily confined to the minor issues of her complaint against a particular newspaper. The public interest of the trial turned chiefly on the long debate between those who affirmed and those who denied the necessity for medicine of experiments on animals. That is ground which the opponents of vivisection are sometimes apt to tread unwarily. The uncompromising opponent who is prepared to say that in no case ought an animal to be sacrificed, even with a fair prospect of alleviating human suffering, may logically decline the whole discussion. If the thing is wrong in principle, it makes no difference that its consequences should sometimes be beneficial. Nor is the position of the critic who demands a far more drastic limitation and a far more effective control of experiments much affected by the issue of this particular debate. He is concerned to remind us that there is no real guarantee for the observation of the general principles which the Act of 1876 laid down. If the animal in cutting experiments were always fully under anæsthetics, the elaborate strapping and binding which is usual in the laboratory would seem to be unnecessary. The provision in the Act which called for the killing of the animal when the experiment is over, cannot be honestly fulfilled in 95 per cent. of modern experiments, which consist not in cutting operations but in the artificial inducement of some disease. His case is, to our thinking, absolutely unanswerable when it calls for the prohibition of experiments undertaken not at all to advance medical research but solely to demonstrate a familiar result for the benefit of students. These urgent claims for reform would be quite unaffected even by a triumphant demonstration that experiment is both necessary and beneficial.

It is, however, inevitable that the question should be asked whether vivisectional research can justify its own claims, when we consider the immense recent increase in the number of animals subjected to artificially induced diseases. It is difficult for a layman to reach a sure conclusion about the confident assertions that this serum or the other has proved to be a sovereign remedy. There are fashions in medicine, and there is also a professional discipline which tends to silence the critic and the sceptic. The case of Dr. Robert Bell illustrated the weight of prejudice which the orthodoxy of the day can hurl against the most distinguished of the independents who ventures to dispute the dominant tendency. We doubt whether tuberculin has been useful in the treatment of consumption. There is abundant reason to question the claims made for the new treatment of typhoid. It was rash, and probably untrue, to assert that Haffkine's serum was responsible for the death of the six millions who fell before the Indian plague which it was used to combat. But no layman who looks at those figures, takes note of the prolongation of that epidemic, and weighs the admissions as to the risks involved in using this remedy, will accept it as a happy instance of the

successes of the fashionable method. Even the serum treatment for diphtheria, which seemed for a time to be well-established, is subject to doubt. But this crude reasoning from results which in any case are not established, ignores what is to us a more fruitful line of inquiry. Let us concede that useful discoveries have been made with the aid of experiments on animals. It would be miraculous if it were not so. The relevant question is rather to inquire whether the experiment on animals was an indispensable step in the process of discovery. The stamping out of Malta fever was claimed by several of the more authoritative witnesses in this case as a typical triumph for vivisection. There was good reason to suspect, on grounds that rested on observation alone, that this prevalent local fever was caused by the milk supply from goats. Bacteriology confirmed this suspicion under the microscope. It was here, when the theory was all but established, that a whole tribe of monkeys were inoculated with a culture derived from the milk, and almost without exception contracted the disease. That was good positive proof. The next step was negative. A barrack-full of soldiers were deprived of the suspect milk, and at once the disease ceased among them. At last the demonstration was complete. Let us accept all the statements and statistics in this classical instance. The fact remains that the essential thinking and theorising were independent of vivisection, and the one part of the proof which involved suffering to animals appears to have been wholly superfluous. There was ground enough before the monkeys were victimised for depriving the garrison of its suspect milk. The negative proof, when it was essayed, was conclusive and sufficient, and the positive demonstration by inoculation appears in retrospect wholly unnecessary. Goat's milk is not an essential item in a military diet. Why was it that a number of animals had to be sacrificed before the evidently prudent and, in any event, harmless step was taken of ascertaining whether abstinence from milk would lead to the cessation of the epidemic?

This illustration suggests to us that what may be most advisable in this controversy is a restatement of the central question. Medical men are content to argue that they have achieved some good results by using vivisection. It may be so. We are disposed to invite them to consider whether they have sufficiently taxed their ingenuity to do without it. It is at best a fallible method, for no one has ever been able to answer Voltaire's general objection that results obtained on an animal cannot be assumed for the human being. In some striking instances the method of patient and methodical observation has succeeded, where years of painful work by famous experimenters on animals have failed. By noting every fact obtained in the study of diseased human beings, our great philosophical physician, Hughlings Jackson, was able to complete his map of the higher brain centres. He did all his work by observation, collected in the course of his long and arduous practice, and did not conduct a single experiment on animals. All the cutting and carving of animals which the Germans had done before him had led only to error and confusion.

The fact is, animal life is too cheap in the laboratory. The tradition of rushing at once to some direct experiment has become so inveterate an obsession that the average research student hardly ever casts about for alternative methods. If the restrictions on vivisection had been more severe, or if there were many human diseases which, like yellow fever, cannot be studied in animals, the whole ingenuity of a brilliant profession would have been turned to elaborating the technique of clinical observation. The telescope may be very useful in astronomy, but if the pioneers of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries had possessed our modern instruments, would they have evolved their mathematical triumphs? The layman, whose concern with this issue is ethical rather than scientific, will beware of dogmatizing about the value of new cures. But of the deeper issues involved, his vision is clearer than that of the physiologist. It is a social rather than a medical fallacy which has led us all, laymen and

doctors alike, to concentrate attention on the discovery of remedies for specific diseases. It is in despair of a social transformation that we fix our hopes on this serum or the other, when we know in our hearts that the real enemies are ignorance, and poverty, and dirt. Because we lack the social courage to bring clean air to the slums, we look for the magical injection that will cure consumption. But the main duty of the layman is to insist that pain hurts, and life has its value no less for the instinctive than for the rational creature. "It has, after all, no soul," is the answer which the Greek driver will give you when you remonstrate with him for ill-treating his horse. It happens to be the body that suffers.

"THE PROSTITUTE PEN."

It is a year or two now since Mr. C. E. Montague delighted us all with "A Hind let Loose." That was a glorious book, so full of fun, so exhilarating! What types of character! What glimpses of manners in that unlimited Northern city—that province of indistinctive houses—where the author devotes his life to one of the greatest newspapers of the world! And, above all, what a picture of journalism and the journalistic mind! All a farce, of course, all burlesque and satire and merriment, but still, in a sense, all true. It had the same kind of truth as a "Max" cartoon—the truth revealed by a perfectly steady mind at the interesting moment when pretence, after passing muster quite decently for a time, is seen just toppling over into absurdity's abyss. The peculiarity about the book was that the deceptive, many-sided journalist, at whom a commoner mind would have directed the satire, is not satirised at all, but at the end is left pursuing his deceptive, many-sided course in triumph. Only the worthy employers whom he has so gaily and shamelessly deceived are satirised.

This week, one's cheerful memories of the book have been refreshed by a few performances of the farce which was its original form. It was done in a queer little chamber in High Holborn, on a little stage that transfigured the big actors into Goliaths, and deprived them of memory, perhaps because the audience seemed so near and familiar. The actors themselves were good, especially the man who played the Conservative editor, and the farce was good, though one was glad it had been lengthened into a book. But here we will only touch upon one or two points that probably occurred to the minds of all the journalists who saw it, and there were a good many. Of course, it was all burlesque. Journalism is not really like that, and even the most acutely cynical readers at the breakfast table or in the morning train know it. But there is just the amount of truth that burlesque needs, and even simple-hearted readers may be interested in that.

First of all, there is the fun of the hero, Colum Fay—the leader-writer, equally ready to write for either side in politics, and, in fact, writing the daily leaders in both the opposing papers of a Northern city. He is able to do that because one paper goes to press later than the other, and at the end we leave him writing the leader for a third paper, an organ of neutrality, because that goes to press later still. We leave out of question the mere physical difficulty of such a task. Even if the writer kept to the style of the quotations from Fay's leaders—"Enough has been said to leave no doubt as to the nature and the importance of the issue at stake," and so on—still the physical effort of doing three full leaders a night would be considerable. There are men who, apparently, could go on pouring out their "stuff" without intermission as easily as a fountain fed by a glacier. Fay was of that kind. As his wife said, he was a grand writer. But, as a last resort, the physical exertion can be partly alleviated by a shorthand typist, and the reader in the train unconsciously leaps the deep gulf that separates dictated from written "stuff." Of wider interest is the condition of the mind that can write equally well, not merely for either side, but for both sides at the same time.

It sounds monstrously wicked. Because Fay was caught doing it, one or other of his opposing editors righteously denounced him as wielding "a prostitute pen." To sell soul or body for cash is not a nice means of livelihood for any man or woman. But consider the case a little more curiously than the editors could. Many of us can perceive dimly that not even our own party holds the sole and undivided monopoly of all righteousness and all truth. Whichever party we may belong to, whether in power or in opposition, our leaders may sometimes appear to us to have been misled into temporary lapses from sound judgment. Of course, such regrettable incidents occur at wide intervals; else we should not continue our support. But still, they do occur, and, therefore, if we are fair-minded rather than severely logical, we may permit ourselves to argue that even our detested opponents, to whichever party they belong, may conversely diffuse some glimmer of reason and morality on their side, though we hope and believe the intervals are still wider. Sometimes, in moments of physical exaltation or charitable acquiescence—as after a good dinner in our opponents' club, or on the seashore with the children—does it not appear to us just possible that the opposite party may cherish other aims than the dissolution of the Empire into chaos or the transference of the people's wealth into private pockets?

It is true, we hurriedly banish the thought. We spread our party's organ upon our knees to hush the disturbing temptation. Our politics must be above suspicion, above suspecting virtue in the insidious seducer. We wrap ourselves in our daily sheet, and feel again secure. But suppose at such moments of hesitating virtue and shaking faith we were a journalist. Not, of course, an abandoned jade of journalism like Fay, not "a prostitute pen" equally ready to serve the turn of either side or both, but just an ordinary, sensible journalist, who is quite as capable as we are of detecting those obscure evidences of error in our party, and of something not far removed from good in our opponents; a man also whose wife and family depend upon his getting a job as leader-writer. Could he not honestly take service under one flag as well as under the other? Would not the commonsense and charity of the British public actually gain if he served the cause to which by personal conviction he did not strictly belong?

Supposing he were a Conservative, for instance; by writing for a Liberal paper he might avert from Liberals the natural temptation of a party in power to self-righteousness, and by a hint or two he might mitigate their consciousness of rectitude before it became unctuous. On the other hand, he could encourage Christian charity by pointing out that the Opposition's passion for tariffs and conscription did not necessarily imply a thievish or murderous disposition in private life. It is true that if his convictions were stern and sombre, he might now and then be compelled to do them some violence. What of that? If we thus nicely calculate the less or more, what profession is safe? Does a doctor always believe a rich patient to be such a chronic invalid as the patient supposes? Does a barrister invariably refuse a brief unless he is convinced of his client's innocence? Does an officer always accept the order he obeys as the utterance of infallible wisdom? We must not think of these things after this fashion, else who shall escape with a competency? Journalists, after all, are pretty much like other people, and we should not demand of them the exigent standard of plaster sages. Seeing the wisdom of the State embodied in the two Front Benches, they have a right to assume that, though there is, naturally, a balance of wisdom on one side, since most people have voted for it, still there is not a mere deficit, a minus quantity, on the other, for then nearly half of the male population would be fools, which is absurd. So sensible journalists must take things as they come, and make the best they can of their orders:—

"Theirs not to reason why,
Theirs not to wait reply,
Theirs only not to die."

There is really nothing difficult or heroic about it. In these days it seldom happens that, like the editor in "Pickwick," you call your political opponent "an unparalleled and unmitigated viper," and have to stand the consequences. If in your heart you are inclined to agree with his views, you need hardly ever call him anything of the sort, for nowadays it might be condemned as impolite. But as a matter of fact, every journalist knows how easily, how inevitably, one slides into the style, that is to say the spirit, of the paper to which one belongs. The paper which somebody lately called "The Pink One" is not the same as "The Times" in tone; but transfer a writer from it to the "Times" leading articles, and in a week we shall only have one "Thunderer" the more. On all papers there is a peculiar infection caught in the leader-writer's room. It hangs in the dust, and no counteracting serum is proof against it.

We must reckon also with the sense of duty in the heart of man, equally awe-inspiring as the starry firmament. Some tendency not himself impels the writer to make the very best of his case, to earn his money to the full, to win the greatest possible advantage even for the enemy he is serving. We have known a journalist driven to make such a superb joke at the expense of a cause he really loved, that it drowned the cause in ridicule. He could not help it; the stern voice of duty drove him on. He had become the paper; all that he said was "essentially dramatic." It was the paper's point of view. There he stood and could say no other. That is what Mrs. Fay, being an Irishwoman, fears when she says to her versatile husband in the play:—

"You're a good man, Colum; but then don't I know the way it is with the writing—the way lights come out, and you going on, and things run in clear on you. It's then, before you knew it at all, you might some time or other be seeing—the way it'd be, written up on a wall—the thing'd be good for England to do for herself and not Ireland."

There, we admit, the versatile journalist, though he may be impelled by an unswerving sense of duty to his paper, though he may be endowed with a judicial mind capable of exactly balancing both sides of a question, and though he write with the pen of men and angels, may be brought up suddenly against a dead wall. It is all very well for him in ordinary politics to back one side or the other, just as he might in a football match. Throughout the country, indeed, politics are regarded as a less exciting kind of football—"All in to win, an' both sides tryin'," as one of Mr. Montague's characters says. Even in real football, which to the vast majority of our citizens is so much more vital and engrossing, no one would condemn a Sunderland man or call him "a prostitute pen" if he wrote for Aston Villa. But just as the Fays were brought up sharp at the fear of some day bringing harm to Ireland by what they wrote, so even the ordinary, humdrum journalist, who will contentedly turn out one leader a day on either side, but would shy at one on both, may have in his heart some point beyond which he will not go. There he is brought up against something obstinate and unyielding, something that appears to have no other side for him to take, something sacred, like the moon, which keeps only one face visible. At that point, if his paper goes wrong and his natural party can offer him no job, what remains for him to do? We suppose he must take his discharge into the monotonous occupations of peaceful life, or like a soldier fall.

THE MIXTURE AS BEFORE.

SWEETNESS all the world over is insipidity, unless there be a suspicion of sourness with it. We cannot call it sourness or even tartness when it is in the mixture; it is then only another kind of sweetness. We do not, except when very young, like sour apples; nor do we even like sweet ones. However sun-ripened or soundly winter-stored they be, they must be animated by an underlying and only half-disclosed malic principle. This supreme work of Pomona we try to imitate in the salad. There is a spirit of adventure in riding upon the

knife-edge of a compromise between the dire opposites. A shade that way and we fall into the abyss of sugariness, a shade this way and we fall on the rocks of bitterness. The writer once mixed a salad for strangers at an hotel. With all his skill he strove for the pin-point of success, but he was flung to the rocks by the simple remark, "*Trop de vinaigre.*"

April mixed and mixed at her customary salad the supreme confection that this world has, and day by day she met with the verdict, *Trop de vinaigre*. She was a little out of practice, for last year, it will be remembered, we had no April salad at all. All the sunshine of June, July, and August was crammed into April and May, and much more than all their vinegar put into the summer months. This year the winds of March got into April, and turned nearly three weeks into the most dismal travesty of tears and laughter. The tears were the cold-blooded rage of a hag, and the laughter was horrible. It was the mildest of criticism to say that the mixture was biased. Neither of the ingredients seemed to be within miles of the right thing. There was a piece of Russian or Arctic weather blown at us now from the east, now from the north, now from the south-east or south-west apparently, so buffeted because a two-days' wind of either kind would have blown it clear of us. It kept us shivering till the twelfth, the fourteenth, the sixteenth, and having apparently smashed the cruet to smithereens, the bad-weather-spot at last wandered elsewhere.

Then April began to try after the old mixture. What a heavy-handed salad the first was, on the day that should have seen and heard the cuckoo! It is true that we had some of the very warmest of smiles. It was a perfect marvel to see them lick up the storms which were that first day's version of April showers. The roads shone, the trees dripped, the runnels ran and tinkled. The brown earth merely took a richer hue. It can drink any quantity of rain just now, and, like a seasoned toper, give very little sign. Then the shower went on, and most uncompromising sunshine turned the world into a Turkish bath. The roads went bone-dry again; the runnels stopped their tinkling almost like an orchestra-stroke; there was soon not a particle of moisture to be seen. It was dispersed in the sunshine, and that is what made the heat so embracing, so rushing, so tender with all its fervency. Seeds that had lain a month and seeds sown almost yesterday leapt in their drills, and would have been seen to grow by the hour.

But, as though the awful Russian weather had seen from too short a removal how wonderfully April was doing, and had hurried back to prevent her success, the third and fourth showers were driven pell-mell on one another's heels, light-flying water-carts were lumped into black banks of cloud, storms of hail battered fields that had asked for rain, and succeeding storms beat down the smiles. At last, the whistling wind was joined by thunder, and April thrashed the fair greenery she should have smiled upon. The mixture was in some sense right. It was April weather; wet and dry, showers and sun, the weather of this month, and no other. But what showers! Too frequent and too heavy, and they grew worse as the day went on. Most surely *Trop de vinaigre!*

When a day goes wrong, it mostly stays wrong. The improvement comes with a new day. So the first day went out in a depressing storm of tears. On the day of her second salad, April smiled radiantly at six o'clock in the morning. She shone till eight, at which time usually the first shower comes, and if things go wrong, clouds set in for the day. There was no shower, and the day smiled on. The sky was as April as could be. It was clear, brave blue, but not all one stony blaze of blue like June or August. The bonny, crisp, and nubbly clouds sailed bravely like a well-ordered fleet, each the right number of cable-lengths behind the other, each undoubtedly a water-cart, and apparently seeking out the field that wanted watering. But they not only kept their cargoes, but never even came between the sun and the earth. There were not even shadows flying over the hills and valleys. The clouds made a ring of ships on the horizon, and the sun blazed from a cloudless house. It was *trop de sucre*. Nobody minded. It was

a serene, hot day, and a great change. In fact, we revelled in it. The cuckoo sang for the first time, and sang all day, the lark swam in the blue and gave us showers of song, bees had an eight-hour day unbroken by a single threat of rain. It was lovely weather, but those quite in the know said that the salad had gone wrong.

The next day was quiet, sunless, brooding, a truce between the enemies, but as a truce must advantage one of the parties more than another, this one was all in favor of April. It was a very, very gentle steaming-off, not the rushing, visible evaporation of broad sunshine, but the breathing of a body at its own temperature. It was our breath that made the clouds into a veil just so thick that April could not cut it and roll it into vapor-bergs. It was not April, but Mother-of-April. We lived to see all that nacre become pearls swimming in a sea of turquoise.

We lived, and it came. There was a note in the blackbird's song at dawn that was beyond the gratitude he poured out for yesterday's splendid worminess. This was not carnal satisfaction, martial vaunting, or even connubial and paternal pride; it was sheer poet's rapture. The sun came up in an opal sky, heralded by just that wisp of rain that is called the pride of the morning. It flew from east to west, and five minutes after it had passed, it was an almost unimaginable memory. Then we had blazing sun till breakfast-time. The early morning sun is feeble; it is therefore allowed to shine without check. It is only in its strength that it has to be tempered with flying screens, and damped-off with little scuds of rain. It is done by means of an automatic compensation-balance. Three hours of morning sun, one hour of mid-day sun, will produce a heat that is too much for the complete happiness of the young leaves. The same heat evaporates, here or elsewhere up the south-west stream, enough water to make a cloud, and the cloud flies over the sun-stricken fields, and sprinkles them to the exact equipoise of April happiness.

A wonderfully little rain suffices. Even when April is all showers and sunshine, it is the driest month of the year. The total rainfall may be not an inch, and even then it is a stage army of two men looking like ten. The shower of two o'clock may be composed of the same water that fell at twelve. It has climbed up the sun-beams for the pleasure of running down again. Water is as essential to the quality of this April sunshine as fire is. It is its texture, the little ripples that make it alive, as the glaring heat of the desert can never be alive. Some say that all substances are but eddying electrons, a single cause with whims that make it become diamonds, trees, clouds, tea-cups. A true April day proves almost as much. The intense blue between the clouds is the color of pure water, the sunshine blesses us by virtue of its swirls of vapor, the clouds are large visible swirls curled by the sun, and the fight of cool and hot currents, both children of the sun. Rain itself is only a form of sunshine. That truth, undeniable but usually hidden, leaps at us on a perfect April day.

Short Studies.

A CANDIDATE.

THEY clambered into the Hampstead tram and sat down opposite me. It was a fine Sunday afternoon, and the young man was clad after the manner of his kind—felt hat, tilted at a slant, coat lapels laid back to the waist, a shirt diaped in famous devices, and trouser legs turned up as a frame to an amplitude of sock. The young man was lank and jerry-built. His face seemed also to be constructed on no special plan, and his expression was at once pert and fluid. Altogether, he was an inharmonious young man. His companion had no eccentricities of outline. He was round everywhere.

The smooth man and the youth of the untidy limbs fell into dialogue:—

"These 'ere suffragettes awn't 'arf goin' it," remarked the smooth man as a preface of inquiry. He evidently turned the right lever, for the young man stopped smoking his bad cigar, and took up the tale.

"Wot I says about these 'ere suffragettes is the lor ain't dahn on 'em. They want squelchin', fair and proper. 'Ere we are in the midst of civilisation"—(we were nearing Camden Town)—"and there ain't a cop nor a magistrate that knows 'is dooty, with these rampagin' 'yenas. They go runnin' and smashin' arahnd; and the gents on the Bench, wot 'ave to keep England from bustin' into a lot of savages, go shovin' cotton wool rahnd 'em, moppin' their bloomin' eyes, and chortlin' 'diddums!'"

"They 'ave food shoved dahn 'em," said the smooth man.

"Yes; fattenin' 'em up, to go spankin' the nition all the 'arder," said the young man who had been put together in a hurry. "Look 'ere; this is my pint—lor and order is the fust and lawst of civilisation, and them that's at the 'ead of it we py thumpin' big salaries to see it's exicooted. Stands to reason, don't it? And if these 'ere nob's don't exicoot it fair and proper, wot's goin' to 'appen to the nition, that's wot I want to know?"

He stretched his limbs, and glided into philosophy. "'Ow I sees it is, civilisation means the 'ole lot of us, and you cawn't expect the Govinment, and the magistrates, and the authorities to swaller the 'ole bloomin' public. So the public, and them that as 'ave civilisation at 'eart, ought to be a little lor and order by theirselves, and carry aht the lor on the onroolies. If you sees anyone doin' wrong, you've got to knock 'em on the 'ead strite."

The young man with the zeal for the Perfect State delivered these sentiments with much composure. But the complacency of the smooth man began to ebb.

"You ain't 'arf comin' it, 'Arry," he said. And he added (with a touch of irony)—"You aint got civilisation at 'eart by any chance?"

"I 'ave," said the young man, sententiously, "I 'ave got civilisation at 'eart."

"But you wouldn't go and do a man in?"

"If he 'd done wrong I would," said the young man in the same tones.

"But, look 'ere, 'Arry; supposin' my missus, wot's bin so kind to you—supposin' she wasn't up to scratch—"

"If she done wrong, I'd as soon do 'er in as look at 'er," said the young man, with a more emphatic gravity.

At this, the smooth man's placidity oozed away from him. Fluster took its place. "You 'ave no right to talk like that," he said, "you're onnatural, that's wot you are. You aint fit to be walkin' abaht. You 'ave a nice embition, you 'ave, doin' people in."

"I 'ave," said the young man, entirely composed, "I 'ave embition, old codger, fair and proper, and I 'ave civilisation at 'eart likewise. There's too much of this cotton wool abaht, and lor and order is goin' to 'ell. Wot I'd like to be is jist this 'ere—the public 'engman of England; that's my embition. I lay there'd be considerable less of wrong-doing, if the public 'engman showed the magistrates wot's wot and did 'is dooty, for the sake o' civilisation. And you bet, I'd come up to the mark. I wouldn't 'arf run arahnd with the rope. I reckon things 'ud be lookin' up a bit, with a few yards of rope in the cellar at 'ome. Dahn with cotton wool, says I. Well, so long, old 'un, I'm gettin' off to see 'ow the girls are pushin' along." He lifted his angular body, looked at the smooth man half-jauntily, half-urbanely, and got off the tram.

The smooth man said nothing. Discomfiture left him flabby.

But my thoughts dwelt on this singular young man. Was he a type of "civilisation"? Or merely an oddity, an angler for the sweet prize of curious attention from his fellows? Or was he a nestling maturing into the gaol-bird? Whatever he was, I hope I sha'n't dream about him.

H. J. M.

The Drama.

WHY WE WANT A NATIONAL THEATRE.

ARE not the friends of reform in the drama likely to confuse their cause when they seek to abolish the Censorship and establish a National Theatre? State patronage and State control, forsooth! What, it may be said, has the State done for the theatre but spoil it? Are there not two kinds of drama, that which is serious and critical of our times, and that which is a monstrous image of its worst features—a coarse, raging appeal to sensuality and commonness of soul? Does not the State encourage the second, and forbid or discourage the first? And even if the National Theatre would not present an entertainment such as the *Romp* or the *Revue*, is there any reason to think that it would help the State to attain either the Platonic ideal of justice or even that little gleam of self-knowledge which shows the way to self-improvement? In a word, would not the National Theatre be a new amusement shop added to the hundreds that we possess—amusement of an ordinary, and, therefore, a lifeless type?

These are, in brief, the objections to a National Theatre which appeal to the moralist. Our society is soft enough; why weaken it at the centre, instead of relying on the vigorous private societies which give us new thought in the new dramatic moulds? Or take the practical difficulty. Imagine our Théâtre Français in being. Who is going to direct it? The answer that what has been done we can do is not quite to the point. In France you have the force of style; the existence of a standard of excellence, sustained with meticulous care. Whoever has seen "*Athalie*" performed by the Comédie Française can realise what I mean, and can at the same time measure the space which divides *our* from *their* notions of dramatic art. The French State recognises art as a department of human civilised activities. We do not. It is organised on that basis, and in the case of the theatre, can summon to its aid and support the flower of its intellectual life. We have no such organisation. The Dramatic Censorship is a mere kitchen department of the Court. Our stage and our literature are divorced, and criticism does not recognise the need for re-associating them. Writers of the most original genius, like Meredith, Hardy, Henry James, either make no appearance on the stage, or are permitted a fugitive, merely complimentary, introduction to it. Through whom, therefore, is the State direction of the British theatre to operate? Through the actor-manager, the Sir Herbert of His Majesty's, the Sir George of the St. James's, or the merely Mr. George of the Gaiety? Well, these gentlemen and others joined to make, for an Imperial holiday, a grand pyrotechny of the British drama, and produced—Lytton's "*Money*." If they are set aside as unrepresentative (which they are not), we can indeed have recourse to Mr. Barker's keen, adaptive intelligence, and quick eye for possibilities of advance and reform. But even Mr. Barker cannot stand alone, marooned in Spring Gardens, and haunted by the ghosts of dead dramatists. If the Liberal Government will give us a Ministry of the Fine Arts, or link up such a department with a genuine Ministry of Education, then we can enthrone a Director of the National Theatre with some confidence that we are not proceeding to endow a Temple of Dullness and to dedicate it to Convention.

There is another point against the National Theatre which Liberals are well accustomed to use against a National Church. What room will be found in a State-supported theatre for the great and increasing body of indignant, expressive, critical literature which will increasingly seek the stage as its most powerful mode of expression? Society is changing rapidly, the case against it which great masses of people have to urge has hardly yet been heard. The Established Church eschews new doctrine and new ways of embodying old beliefs. The State accounts as its "enemies" those who attack its accustomed modes of thought.

Yet it is a part of Liberalism to secure free play for these critics of the State, and even on occasion to break its idols:

"Tous ces fiers conquérants, rois, princes, capitaines,
Sont moins grands à mes yeux que ce bourgeois d'Athènes."

If, therefore, a State theatre is to be something more than a method of dressing up the traditional glories of our stage, it will have to choose between ignoring new, provocative, and even subversive work, and giving it its proper place in the modern drama. Is it not probable that it will select the safer, the more conservative, path? Suppose, for example, we develop an English or a Scottish Strindberg? I do not believe that modern literature can yield a greater master of dramatic effect than this inexorable writer. If we allow his cruelty and literalness to banish him from the national, the central, exposition of modern drama (and that is almost certain to be our decision concerning him or his like), we shall have established, not an open garden for the culture of robust growths, but a conservatory for the fostering of the mere fragilities and delicacies of literature. In this respect, France is no guide. She was fortunate in possessing, in the direct and orderly mind of Molière, a critic of human life who is never out of date. Our native growth has not run that way; it has rather developed in the direction of beauty, of poetry. But, as the greatest of all thinkers about State problems long ago discovered, poetry is less useful to the State than truth.

I cannot conceal from myself the weight of these objections to a National Theatre, and if I set them aside, it is because I think that it may yet achieve for the British drama the inestimable boon of freeing it from the rule of commerce. All the most powerful factors in the production of our modern drama serve to establish and justify that rule. The Censorship enforces it, for it is in practice a license to the managers to study and encourage the commercial drama—i.e., that form of drama which its commonest patrons approve—and to neglect and discourage the drama of ideas. The managers, quit of true responsibility for the character of the plays they produce, endeavor to force the dramatists into the mould of merely profitable workmanship. The other day a dramatist of great promise drew what he thought to be a truthful picture of the form of English life with which he was best acquainted. Incidentally, he had written a piece of plausible stage construction. When his play appeared, the criticism of life had gone, and the dexterities of arrangement remained. In a world so governed, the dramatist of ideas can only hold out against the triple conspiracy of censor, manager, and conventional public, for his play as he wrote it—that is to say, for his talent and conscience as God bestowed them on him. In that capacity, therefore, the State Theatre should come in as a rescue agency. But that function will be overlaid if the spirit of Mr. Arthur Lynch's speech in the Commons' debate on a National Theatre does not take body in the eventual design. It is something, no doubt, to save Shakspeare, Sheridan, and Goldsmith from absolute defacement at the hands of actor-managers who mean to put a certain type of dramatic representation on the stage in defiance of the plain intention of the authors. But even that maltreatment is avoided by any play-goer who, to take one example, has seen Miss Horniman's Company in "She Stoops to Conquer." A National Theatre must do more than this. It must regard the "nation" as a living body and soul, and its dramatists as physicians and prophets.

H. W. M.

Present-Day Problems.

HOW TO DIVIDE MACEDONIA.

THERE never was in all the annals of our Continent a problem which taxed statesmanship, not to mention the Christian virtues, so suddenly and in so many complicated ways as the partition of the territory

which the Balkan Allies have won. All the issues of Poland and Schleswig-Holstein, of Alsace-Lorraine, and even Lombardy, which made a century of European wrangling, are here tangled into one and crowded to a point of time. It would be a very unimaginative error to suppose that the issue is whether this city and that island shall go to one ally or the other. It is for their relative power and prestige, perhaps for generations to come, that the rivals are contending. In such a conflict as this, there is only one legitimate attitude for the neutral and disinterested spectator. Whether the pressure of European public opinion is applied vaguely through the press or with precision through some process of mediation, its main duty must be to insist that the wishes of the local population and not the ambitions of Sofia, Athens, and Belgrade shall govern the partition.

One may take, as typical, a group of relatively prosperous Slav villages in the debatable area just south of Monastir, which will be claimed by all three disputants, and might, on plausible grounds of policy, be assigned to any one of them. To realise quite what is the human issue involved, let us look at the recent history of one of them. Smirdesh lies in a narrow and sunless valley between Florina and Castoria. It is purely Slav, and its home-language is that Macedonian dialect which is not exactly either Servian or Bulgarian. The men, though not the women, are for the most part bi-lingual, and can speak at need a bastard but quite fluent Greek. I would not urge that language was a decisive consideration in allotting Smirdesh. It would feel in passing to Servian schools and law-courts the sort of inconvenience which a Dutch village would experience if it were to be annexed to Germany. It would feel in becoming Greek the wrench which a remote Welsh village would admit if it were forbidden the public use of its own home-tongue, and were forced to use only English.

As little decisive is the test of religion. The village would prefer to worship with the Slav liturgy of the Bulgarian Exarchist Church, but there is no shade of a doctrinal difference to divide it from the Greek Patriarchist fold. It is the habits and the history of the village that would make it a local tragedy if it were to be assigned to either of Bulgaria's rivals. Thirty years ago its allegiance was still uncertain, but it went over in the great Slav revival to the Bulgarian Church. Its young men grew up with the knowledge that the Treaty of San Stefano had incorporated them in a greater Bulgaria. Robbed of their freedom, it was still to Bulgaria that they looked. From her seminaries came the priests and the teachers (a short-lived race in Turkey), who, at the daily risk of prison and assassination, kept alive the faith of the village in a brighter future. The men are wandering masons, grouped in guilds, which migrate for months at a time wherever building is to be done. It was always their ambition to work in Bulgaria, and they came home with an ardent belief in the future which Bulgarian energy seemed to guarantee. They produced one man of real genius and ascendancy, an ex-cobbler named Tchakalaroff, who rose to be (in spite of cruelties which stain his record) the elected chief and the popular hero of the southern insurgent movement. The village became the headquarters of all the plotting and the guerilla fighting that culminated in the rising of 1903. It gave its money to buy rifles; it sent its young men to fight on the hillsides. It paid the price in flame and massacre.

When I visited it, it was a heap of ruins. I shall never forget a night spent in an empty house which the looters had swept clear, though they had failed to burn it. One by one the old men who sheltered in it told their tale of the carnage and brutality which soldiers and bashibazouks had wreaked upon the village when they sacked it. What struck me most about the mood of these villagers was that such an experience as this, so far from shaking their allegiance to the Bulgarian cause, only confirmed them in their stubborn resolve to fight again. A grammarian might have told me that the speech of the village was not quite the literary language of Sofia. A historian could have reminded me that it had lived

in the remote past under ephemeral Greek, Servian, and Bulgarian Empires by turns. The one relevant fact was that a resolute will to be free and an ardent sense of brotherhood, the long tale of the dead who fell in fair fight or brutal massacre, the memories which belong to those who survive of exile and prison, of danger and wounds and material ruin, have made the place Bulgarian with an intense realisation of nationality which we, who have never been patriots at our peril, can hardly even conceive.

What is true of this village of Smirdesh is true in nearly the same degree of the whole region in dispute between Bulgaria and Servia. This extreme western area, bounded on the east by the river Vardar, shading into the Greek country on the south, and touching the confines of Albania at Ochrida and Dibra, is by its recent history and proclivities as decidedly Bulgarian as Crete is Greek. Elsewhere the Bulgarian organisation has maintained an incessant guerilla war. In the North-East invading bands continually came and went across the frontier. But when this Monastir region rose in a general insurrection in 1903, it depended on no raiders or invaders. The insurgent militia which paralysed Turkish rule for some weeks was raised solely in the villages of this area, and by the authority of its own self-governing organisation. Through years of anarchy, the "Committee" was a government within a government, and it maintained itself even when it stooped to terrorism by the active and enthusiastic consent of the immense majority of the Slav peasants. It had to deal with a Greek minority, or rather with a Philhellenic party (for there is no Greek blood here), and often it dealt with it savagely. But it had no real Slav rival. Servian bands never raided so far south. There were no Servian churches, and only here and there a rare subsidised school. It entered no one's head to reckon with Servian claims. South of Uskub, or at furthest, Veles (Kuprili), there was no Servian party.

It was indeed by a politic concession that the Bulgarians assigned Uskub itself to Servia. It had its Bulgarian Bishop and schools, and though Servia had always her *clientèle* there, this big town, in so far as it was Slav and not Albanian by race, was mainly Bulgarian in its sympathies. One thinks of Kumanovo to-day as the scene of a striking Servian victory. But in 1903, a traveller who inquired about it, would have heard from the Turks only complaints of its active Bulgarian plotters, and from Bulgarians only details of the number of its citizens who were expiating their Bulgarian sympathies in Turkish gaols. The treaty which Servia has torn up gave to her even in Northern Macedonia a big strip of country to which, on the basis of the political sympathies of its inhabitants, the Bulgarians have the better claim. The plain fact is that Servia, though she may be almost as near to the Macedonian Slavs in race and language as Bulgaria, never knew how to win their allegiance, because she never dared to organise them in resistance to Turkish rule. When she did equip bands, it was to fight the Bulgarians, and not to defy the Turks. The line running from Kustendil on the Bulgarian frontier to Struga on Lake Ochrida happens to be the southern limit of conquest which Servia herself accepted by treaty. But it has this additional merit—that it leaves no conscious Servian population outside it. The best possible partition of Macedonia will leave many Bulgarians, Albanians, and Greeks under foreign rule. But every genuine Servian will be under the Servian flag. In that sense Servia at the worst will fare better than any of her allies.

It is much harder to draw an equitable limit for Greek claims. The true Hellenic population is compactly massed in the south and along the coast, but far beyond it are scattered colonies and centres of Greek culture and sympathy. Often a town like Seres in the East or Castoria in the South-West is decidedly Greek, while the whole agricultural population round it, scattered in the nameless villages that are the real Macedonia, is as certainly Bulgarian. It is inevitable that Seres and Drama, Orfano and Kavala, all of them Greek towns with a considerable trade and a relatively advanced civilisation, should fall to Bulgaria. The

Greek party (Vlach by blood) in such towns as Monastir will also be abandoned. It is such facts as this which lend weight to the Greek claim for Salonica. That city is mainly Jewish by race. The Slav minority is numerically weak, and it is also poor. The Greek minority, on the other hand, is numerous, wealthy, and enterprising.

But Salonica is not so much a genuine city with a true national life, as a *dépôt*, a port, and a railway terminus. The ideal solution which would make it a neutral Hansa town, with its own autonomous municipal administration, seems to find little favor in the Balkans. If it falls to Greece (and that would seem to be its probable fate), its future prosperity depends wholly on the general terms and atmosphere of the settlement. If a hostile Bulgaria forms its hinterland, its trade will be destroyed, and Greece in acquiring it will have ruined it. If, on the other hand, M. Venizelos were to come to terms with Bulgaria, if Greece were to waive her claim to some of the mixed districts like Voden and Castoria, where her case is plausible, she might reckon on retaining for Salonica the one thing which this thriving materialistic Levantine port would certainly value—its trade with the Macedonian interior.

The key to the whole partition is the allocation of Monastir. If the treaty which gave that region to Bulgaria can be set aside by Servia, if Bulgaria, dreading the scandal of an internecine war, should hesitate to take it by force, then Greece may be acting with a cynical prudence in courting Servia and antagonising Bulgaria. She will by such a strategy retain for Salonica the *dépôt* trade at least of Western Macedonia—the trade that follows the two railway lines to Monastir and Uskub. The obvious Bulgarian answer to that argument would be to offer her a commercial treaty which would open to her the commerce of the whole Macedonian hinterland, not merely by the lines which run north and west, but also by the line which links with Seres and the East. There is scope for compromise and bargaining. But before any arrangement over commercial or territorial details is possible, the elementary question of right involved in the future of Monastir must first be settled. It is Bulgarian by the will and sacrifices of its inhabitants. It was assigned to Bulgaria in the Servian treaty of alliance. To upset that treaty is not merely to commit a perfidy. It is to involve the whole Macedonian settlement in confusions which, sooner or later, will issue in war.

H. N. BRAILSFORD.

Letters from Abroad.

THE MARAUDERS.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—They were mostly a bad lot, those marauders of old, who sneaked along behind the armies in the field, searched the battle-fields, and stripped the dead and the mortally wounded. But they were generally poor devils, who made, after all, a miserable livelihood of it by their revolting industry, being as often as could be cheated and robbed of most of their spoils by the gentry of the receiving trade.

These wars of old are on the wane. In their stead we are blessed with the war of armaments, which knows no pause, presses most heavily on the revenues of the richest nations, and makes a thorough and consistent policy of social reform an impossibility. Nowhere is this felt more than in Germany. Several weeks ago your correspondent put the question to the Imperial Government whether they would be prepared to lay before the Reichstag comparative figures of the proportion in the Budgets of the different European States to the total expenditure of the amount spent for social insurance of the workers. He got an evasive reply. Quite visibly the Minister was embarrassed. He did not like to own that, thirty years after its inauguration in Germany, this branch of social reform is now much more meanly financed than in a number of other States. The money

to raise the Imperial grant is required for the incessantly waged war in armaments. How this war starves other branches of social reform was shown in a recent letter. Let me to-day turn to another of its chapters, the unsavory chapter of the Marauders.

It is an almost admitted fact that those papers who most clamorously agitate for increases in armaments are financed by the big firms who manufacture guns, steel plates, and other material for armaments. But the influence on public opinion of these firms reaches much further than the circulation of their press. By their connection with the great financial houses, by their intercourse with military people in responsible positions, by their great staff of agents and sub-agents, they are able to circulate those views of State policy which serve their purposes in all circles of society. Their influence is especially strong amongst the upper and middle sections of the intellectuals. The fact that in those ranks the officer of the reserve abounds, makes them a fruitful ground for the propaganda in favor of increased armaments.

All this is pretty well known, and it is bad enough. Yet the insatiability of the armament firms does not stop there. On Friday last, when the military Budget was before the Reichstag, Karl Liebknecht, Member for Spandau, the Woolwich of the German Empire, told a thunderstruck House that the world-famed firm of Krupp, in Essen, had kept in Berlin a retired pyrotechnist of the army, named Brandt, who, armed with very considerable means by the firm, made it his particular business to bribe officials of the military and naval departments, and to get from them copies of the documents concerning orders to be given out, price-lists offered by competing firms, new constructions planned or worked out by the said departments, results of trials or experiments; in short, any information which those in responsible positions should have felt bound to keep secret. Liebknecht added that when these things came to his knowledge he informed the Secretary for War of them, and that the latter had done his duty, and had instituted proceedings, that several high officials had been detained, and that the investigation had fully confirmed his statement. Herr von Heeringen, the Secretary for War, could not deny the facts. He only tried to minimise the impression made by the disclosure by pointing out that the guilt of the man Brandt was established, but that it was not proved that the heads of the firm of Krupp were his accessories. And he protested that the betrayal had in no way affected the national security. The secrets were not sold to a foreigner or to an enemy. They were only given to a German firm which had deserved well of the country.

The weakness of this reply is evident. Herr Liebknecht was able to reply on the following day that the documents furnished by Brandt were always taken into secret custody by a high official of the firm of Krupp, a nobleman, Herr von Dewitz, a retired high officer of the army. What this high official did was certainly not hidden from the heads of the firm. And he could further point out that officials, once induced by bribery to sell secrets to a private firm, were thus led along the road of the treasonable sale of secrets. As a set-off to the eulogy of Krupp, he reminded the War Minister and the Reichstag of the traditional dealings of this house with foreign Powers, and referred to other disclosures which revealed the recklessness and unscrupulousness of the armament firms in general when profits were to be made.

This is indeed the most serious chapter. Liebknecht quoted a letter, now in the hands of a Berlin Court, in which a big German armaments and powder firm asks its Paris agent to contrive by all means at his disposal to have an article published in the Paris "Figaro" saying that the heads of the French Army had resolved to accelerate the re-arming of the army with machine guns, and had consequently ordered double the number of such guns that was originally intended. The smuggling of this article into the "Figaro" could, of course, only be conceived for the purpose of reacting on the minds of the German public, if not of the German military authorities, and of securing increased armaments in Germany. The oft-expressed suspicion that the agitation

for increased armaments was hatched in the chambers of the armament firms has thus received a confirmation which amounts to certainty.

The resources of these firms are to-day immense, and their profits enormous. By their concerted action—concerted in many cases internationally—they have succeeded in raising the military budgets to an incredible height, and driving the nations wild with fear of one another. The firm in question, the "Deutsche Waffen und Munitions Fabrik," pays 32 per cent. dividend on, I believe, already watered shares, and the price of these shares on the Berlin Stock Exchange is now 568 per cent. In one year they have risen by leaps and bounds. No business is more profitable to its undertakers than this most unproductive production. Herr von Heeringen spoke in glowing terms of how greatly the firm of Krupp had profited the Fatherland. To which Liebknecht retorted: "Why don't you speak of the profits the Krupps have made out of the Fatherland? They run into millions of pounds every year." It has been stated in the Reichstag by a Catholic member, and cannot be denied, that the Krupp Company have made the Imperial Government pay for steel plates and similar material for men-of-war up to 30 per cent. more than the rates at which they sold the same plates to other countries. The irritation then was so great that a change of procedure was inevitable. But the tendency prevails up to the present day. On Monday week, the "Vorwärts" revealed a conspiracy of the big navy contractors, called "Marine Verständigung," by which these firms arranged between themselves the prices to be asked for contract work to the navy and for naval purposes. This concern has its office in Dortmund, with a former manager of the big steel and iron works, "Dortmunder Union," as its head, and the "Vorwärts" was able to print all the forms and schedules of the concern about questions, notices, orders, and charges on tenders and contracts. For each contract they carry out, the firm in question must pay 10 per cent., not of the profit, but of the amount of the bill, to the concern, 1 per cent. going to the office for costs of maintenance, &c., and 9 per cent. being shared up between such firms as have also tendered offers without getting the contract. It is evident that to enable a firm to pay 10 per cent. of the amount of the bill right away, a price must have been extorted much above the real value of the work executed or the produce delivered.

It has also been disclosed that several of the most important steel works, carrying out contracts for the German Army or Navy are German only in name, and are largely international concerns; that they have Frenchmen, Belgians, Dutchmen, and other foreigners on their boards of direction, so that at the board meetings of one of them French, and not German, is spoken. If another trade was in question, this fact would certainly not call for criticism. The internationality of capital is, after all, but the companion or counterpart of the internationality of labor. But here we have to deal with enterprises which, if it fits their purpose, are presented as national in the extreme, for the benefit of which the nation is fleeced over and over again, and which, as far as this side of their activity is concerned, incite nation against nation.

In former years some of the firms at least were private. Now they are all limited liability companies. Their shares are more widely circulated, and the circle of those interested in armaments has greatly increased. This explains, in a degree, the silent consent of the middle classes to the exorbitant increases of the military Budgets now before the German Reichstag.

For one moment the disclosures of Herr Liebknecht made the Reichstag hesitate. But it is very doubtful whether they will lead to any change in the system worth speaking of. Our middle-classes have abdicated to militarism as they have abdicated to diplomacy. A few wretches will be imprisoned, some others dismissed, but if nothing more is done, nothing will be changed.

But with the broad masses of the nation, the disclosures will not be without effect. It is now seen how much armaments are a business, and to what execrable and pernicious manœuvres the masters of this

business resort in order to make it flourish. They are wealthy people, and certainly nice-mannered in their way, philanthropists and what not. But their proceedings are the proceedings of marauders. They live on the war of armaments; they foster it; they set nation against nation. They have not the vices of the marauders of old. But neither have they their excuses.—Yours, &c.,

ED. BERNSTEIN.

Berlin, April 22nd, 1913.

Letters to the Editor.

LORD HALDANE ON EDUCATION.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Lord Haldane's contribution to our educational advance is to be heartily welcomed, not because the same things have never been said before, but because, so far as I know, he is the first statesman, the first man of affairs, who has ventured to say them. When (if I may here confine myself to the secondary education part of his article) he urges that a national system must not be bureaucratic, that a large discretion in details be left to those familiar with the different parts of the country (be they local authorities or be they properly qualified individuals), that, furthermore, the State should superintend, even though it does not interfere, should guide, stimulate, and aid—this, in effect, is what the heads of the profession with one voice have been maintaining from the days when the Education Office had not as yet become the Board of Education. Witness the resolutions of the College of Preceptors (secondary teachers, both public and private) in May, 1897; of the Incorporated Association of Headmasters in June of the same year; and of the Teachers' Guild (3,000 or 4,000 teachers from all ranks of the profession) at their Congress in January, 1899. To this should be added the weighty declaration of Vice-Chancellor Sadler in May, 1910, that "national education was more fitly regarded as a synthesis of schools under various kinds of management than as the monopoly of the State or of a local authority;" and Mr. Lewis Paton's words to the same effect in last month's "School World."

So much for professional opinion. But lay opinion has lagged far behind; and so the impressive deliverance of the Lord Chancellor is all the more welcome as indicating (I hope) the approach of a change in public opinion long needed in the public interest and long overdue.

For it is a larger and more important matter than at first sight appears. I have now for more than twenty years spent what leisure I could command in four countries of the North of Europe, sufficiently like one another in educational work to allow of comparison and sufficiently different to make that comparison fruitful—countries in which Lord Haldane's larger, freer, and more generous conception of national education has for several generations obtained. In these countries, if we take them one with the other, something like one-half of the provision of State-approved higher education is found in schools of this freer character—schools which cost the State either nothing at all or much less than the schools for which the State is entirely responsible, and are yet in a way of their own doing the same work and have their statistics recorded on the same page as the State schools. Such a synthesis of schools of varying origin, with the freer air, readier initiative, and fuller opportunity of experiment that accompanies the synthesis, seems alone worthy of being called a national system. Those who cannot cross the North Sea and watch for themselves how all this is done, can still turn to one of the Special Reports issued by the Board of Education six years ago.—Yours, &c.,

J. S. THORNTON.

6, Kirkdale Road, Leytonstone.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—The utmost importance attaches to Lord Haldane's declaration that "the essence of a National System is that the education of the people and of every class of the

people of the country is of vital concern to the State," especially since this declaration is supplemented by another, that "an adequate conception" (of education) "must embrace the physical and social as well as the mental and moral life of the scholar." It is true that some such principles as these have been implied ever since the State began to make education a matter of State concern, but they have never before been openly expressed as fundamental to educational legislation. What do they mean? They mean that the physical, mental, social, and moral life of every child is a matter of vital concern to the State. Let us not be misled by the wide generality of the language into thinking that this declaration of principle is a mere platitude. It is nothing of the sort. It is the assertion of a tremendous extension of the claim of the State on the individual. The "physical life of the child" means, of course, its health. If this is of "vital concern to the State," the State must claim the right to take whatever measures it thinks fit in the interests of that health. The "social life" of the child evidently means the life of the child outside what we may for brevity call "school-hours." If this is of vital concern to the State, then the State must control it. The "mental life" of the child includes chiefly what was included under the old heading of "education." So, to a certain extent, does the "moral life" of the child, but the future development of moral instruction will be watched with interest.

The only phase of the life of the child which Lord Haldane does not think of "vital concern to the State" is its "religious" life, a view which is, of course, in accordance with our toleration laws.

Now it is evident to those who follow the trend of the times that the persons to whom we entrust the work of education, from the Secretary of the Board himself down to the humblest supplementary teacher in a rural school, are slowly forming themselves into a kind of loose corporation dominated by a definitely recognisable set of opinions. It is true that there are differences, occasionally bitter, as was revealed by the incident of the "Holmes Circular," but these are mere differences over details of administration. In general policy there is a unanimity which is almost fanatical, and, moreover, the unity and the unanimity are alike strong and growing. The prospects of any kind of a disruption are extremely remote. Further, every expression of opinion made in public by the various sections of this loose corporation justifies us in assuming that its members are quite prepared to undertake whatever duties such schemes as those foreshadowed by Lord Haldane will impose upon them.

It is clear, therefore, that we are on the eve of a great change—nothing less than the transfer of the care of the child from its parents to the educational corporation. Henceforth the child will be directed, not by the influence of the home, but by that of the school. Do we sufficiently realise this?

Nor is this the whole of the change. Although nominally the religious life and its control is still left to the parents, it would be absurd to imagine that an educational corporation could go on for ever without cultivating religious ideas and a religious atmosphere, and there is evidence that this cultivation is already proceeding apace. Already some of the utterances of prominent "educationalists" are taking upon themselves that mystical and transcendental character which is characteristic of the "religionist." There is every indication that they are coming to feel, and to feel keenly, that the one thing they lack is that "authority" which is conferred by a religion. What particular religion they will embrace is so far doubtful, although it is safe to say that the idolatry of "race" will play a prominent part in it. Possibly it will be a kind of Positivism, with "race" taking the place of "humanity" as supreme deity. Certainly, its ethical code will be dominated by eugenics, which is almost a religion in itself.

When the religion has been discovered, its doctrines formulated, and its ritual established, the members of the educational corporation will automatically become its hierarchy. Our new education policy is therefore preparing the way for a new religion, a new Act of Uniformity, a new sacerdotalism, and, with the resurrection of the "conscientious objector," a new religious persecution.—Yours, &c.,

K. L. KENRICK.

Ruabon, April 22nd, 1913.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—In 1907 the Right Hon. R. B. Haldane, then Secretary of State for War, wrote, "What interests people is that which is expressed in a concrete form, and has in it the touch of humanity." Mr. Balfour, as philosophical a thinker as Lord Haldane, in speaking of Mr. Pease's comments on the Education Estimates, complained, not without cause, of the absence of concrete and definite statements regarding the defects of the existing system which the new Bill is to set right. With a light touch of irony, he alluded to the "grandiose revolution as yet only sketched in wavering outline." The article in THE NATION is open to the same charge. Those who remember the comic encounter of Æschylus and Euripides, rival poets in Hades, at the end of the "Frogs," will recollect how, when Euripides was half through some of his best couplets of sententious wisdom, Æschylus would cut in and make them ridiculous, by adroitly ending up the tall talk of Euripides's iambs by—*ἀγκύδιον αἰώλεσσεν*. As the savage Æschylus rudely brought Euripides to earth by "the little flask of oil," so the new President of the N.E.U.T. brings all Lord Haldane's finely spun theories to the test by "split the monster class."

May this saying, which might well conclude every speech on education in the year 1913, like Cato's "Delenda est Carthago," be supported by one making a slight claim to acquaintance with the subject-matter, having been for years (in the 'eighties) an inspector of secondary schools under the Oxford Delegacy, and for a lifetime a sharer in elementary school management.

In his article in THE NATION, Lord Haldane asserts that the present position of secondary education is the weakest point in our organisation. He also says that, if more public money were devoted to the work, the system of elementary education would be even better than it is. Again, he says that the teachers, even in the elementary schools, should have had the advantage of a University training.

Now, these three statements may be taken to indicate that, in the opinion of Lord Haldane (a public school boy and a University man), the present system of elementary education is good, in spite of the paucity of University teachers, and the comparatively small amount of money spent on each child so educated: on the other hand, secondary education is bad, in spite of the preponderance of University teachers, and the large amount of money spent upon each child so educated.

From this it appears that a comparison is made in Lord Haldane's mind between the elementary school and the secondary school, favorable to the one, unfavorable to the other. His article explicitly states that contact in recent years with the permanent staff of the Board of Education has taught him that elementary education has made remarkable strides, but that, unhappily, the case is very different with secondary education. No doubt it is a laudable ambition to have State education, and, apart from the danger of bureaucracy and the stifling atmosphere of red tape, it is a good thing to have organisation from top to bottom. But which end should a democracy begin at? To take fundamentals, the secondary school is immensely superior to the elementary school in the most vital points. The London County Council was lately fined nearly £10,000 for having classes exceeding sixty, the maximum allowed by the Code. And the Salford Council, within recent years, has had classes of seventy-five in its elementary schools without incurring a fine. In the Bolton Education Authority area, one of the best in the Kingdom, the municipal secondary school of about 630 scholars is staffed at a cost of £7 15s. per scholar; the elementary schools, with about 29,000 children in attendance, at an average cost of £2 13s. 4d.—about one-third! In Bolton, the average size of a class in the municipal school is 630 divided by 33 (the number on the staff), or about 19; the average size of a class in an elementary school is 29,050 divided by 823 (the number on the staff), or over 35! In making the latter calculation a present is made of the 109 Heads, whose time is mainly taken up by clerical work and supervision. In other less enlightened areas, the number in a class is much larger, the average for England being, scholars on the register, 6,067,075, divided by 156,266 (the total number of teachers), or about 40 to a class. On the other hand, the average size of a class in secondary schools throughout England is only sixteen, leaving quite out of account the work of 2,500 "part-time" teachers. It is an

easily inferred fact that the elementary teacher is nearly as well paid as the secondary teacher, though the qualifications are lower—the extra expense of the staffing (in a ratio of nearly three to one) being mainly accounted for by the reduction mentioned in the size of classes. But the undue strain on the energy and the unsatisfactory nature of the work are deterrents, and have so far throttled entrance to the profession that out of an entry of 14,000 judged necessary by the Board of Education, last year only 4,329 entered. Of those who already belong to the ranks of elementary teachers not more than a third are trained, not two-thirds are certificated. These facts speak volumes for the distaste the impossible task of teaching these huge classes infuses. The best minds are repelled by the unreasonable requirements, and always will be.

It would be satisfactory if Mr. Pease or Lord Haldane would explain the words reported by the "Times" as used by the Minister of Education in his statement on the Vote. He is reported to have said that the staffing of the secondary schools was not satisfactory as compared with the elementary schools. In the latter there was one teacher to every 13·5; in the secondary schools one to every 32·5. This cannot be a deliberate misstatement; it cannot be the result of glaring ignorance; and yet there the words stand reported, in total conflict with facts well known to all who have to do with national education, and easily verifiable.

In the comparison of the value of elementary and secondary education, it should be added, as pointing to a different conclusion from Lord Haldane's, that one need only turn to the figures in the last few Educational Supplements of the "Times" to see that the cost of providing school places and equipment is on a much higher scale in secondary schools, like the cost of staffing.

Equality of social opportunity, says Lord Haldane, should be a watchword with our democracy; until that is so, he adds, there still remains something to be brought about in the education of our masters. "For equality's sake, then, split the monster classes," say, or soon will say, our masters.

It is a heartless boon to spread that Barmecide feast, the "educational ladder," before a democracy that gets the benefits of free secondary education for 49,000 children out of over 6,000,000, or something like one in 120. The substance of educational benefit for the great masses is to be had chiefly in connection with the elementary schools. Lord Haldane suggests that there is an unnecessary gap between the two kinds of teaching and the two sets of teachers: it may be suggested to him that this gap will only be removed if we "split the monster classes." That is the great obstacle to assimilating the curricula and confederating the profession.

No one ought to say a word against unifying education, and no one ought to fight against much needed and overdue reforms in secondary education; but no one with a heart or a sound head ought to endure such extravagant preposterousness (in the right use of that term) as leaving the first and most urgent reform, the splitting of monster classes, to be overlaid by those comparatively infinitesimal in importance. —Yours, &c.,

GEORGE E. REES.

Harwood Vicarage, Bradshaw, Bolton.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Lord Haldane's very valuable article in THE NATION will have given vital delight to all educationists. Yet there are some of us for whom that delight is tempered by the sense of many and sad omissions in his survey of the field. I will ask you to let me set some of them down in brief, bald outline.

I will brave much ridicule and opposition by putting down as my first complaint, the old war-worn point of the religious difficulty. His lordship says, "We shall probably hear much less than in the past" about this. Does he suggest that citizens should sit still when what they deem injustice is done? Must the Roman Catholic sit dumb when he is compelled, through the rates, to pay for Protestant teaching in Council schools? For the first time in our history, the Act of 1902 inflicted that injustice on the Catholic conscience. Surely, it is time to regard this matter as what it really is—a thing of elementary civil justice to all citizens.

(2) Is the Board of Education to leave the size of classes and the qualification of teachers employed in elementary schools so barely within the discretion of the local authority? On both these matters there has been a marked "set-back" under the Act of 1902. Classes of fifty and sixty are not infrequent, and such a class gives neither teacher nor child a fair chance. Under the pressure of local economists, a less qualified order of teacher is increasingly employed. Why should the poor man's child be the prey of that calculated incompetence so dear to the economist? It would not be tolerated for a week in a secondary school.

(3) Is it not the duty of the Board of Education to bring up the level of pay for women teachers to that of men when the same work is done? The woman teacher's work must stand the same inspection; she works under equally trying conditions; she has the same costs of living to face as men teachers have. It is safe to say that so long as this matter is left in the hands of local authorities the woman teacher will always be penalised.

The time has come to reconsider the relation of what is known as "clinics" to the administration of education. The clinical element has grown to unanticipated dimensions. It must certainly develop to still larger proportions. But in cities, such as Bradford, where it is developed with intelligence and enthusiasm, it absorbs an immense amount of the Education Committee's time and energy. Yet, I submit, it is not the proper business of an education authority, but of a municipal Children's Health Committee. Just as we have created Children's Courts, so we ought to create a Children's Municipal Health Department. We ought to set free the Education Committee to deal with the intellectual, moral, and civic training of the children.

I submit that these matters are not "details" to be left to local authorities. They are elementary conditions of national efficiency in education. As such, they should be fixed by the central authority.—Yours, &c.,

R. ROBERTS.

Bradford.

"THE WAR OFFICE AND THE MILITARY CONSPIRACY."

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—In view of your leading article and of the contradictory statements made by leading Liberal politicians on the question of universal compulsory training for rich and poor alike for home defence only, would it not be well if the matter could be cleared up to the advantage of both schools of thought? At present the advocates of neither system know what lines the Government intend to take. On Wednesday, the 16th of this month, Mr. Asquith, in answer to my questions, first said that he trusted that compulsory training would never become a party question, and, subsequently, that he hoped the Liberal Party would do everything they could to prevent compulsory training from being brought about; whilst the Chief Liberal Whip described it "as infamous and a crime against mankind." On the other hand, the present Secretary for War said "that nobody ought to be attacked for advocating it."

In your article you forcibly intimate "that it is quite time for a Liberal Government to stamp out the idea of compulsory military training from popular thought." As THE NATION is the leading Liberal weekly, can you explain to us why it is wicked to compel every capable man to learn enough to enable him to defend his country in time of national peril, whilst it is quite right to compel him to insure himself against accident and disease? THE NATION gives us to understand that compulsory military training for home defence only will undermine the liberties of the people. Is it to be the great privilege of the Briton "that he alone of the men of European nations is to be free not to lift his little finger in preparing himself to defend his country and his helpless women and children"? Surely this is a curious idea of freedom!

Lord Haldane pointed out the danger of a blow at our heart. Is it not the duty of every man to do his share to guard against it?

Under the scheme of Lord Roberts it is specifically stated that no man can be in the slightest degree compelled

to serve abroad. If men like to volunteer in case of urgent necessity, as no doubt they would, why is this more objectionable than the fact that about 18,000 men of the Territorial Force have already pledged themselves to serve abroad if wanted?

Your argument "that if the fleet fails everything fails," is by no means necessarily certain, as our merchantmen are to be armed, and it is hoped that the Admiralty will insist on some plan by which we shall have at least three months' supply of food in the country, which will at once be taken over by the Government when war breaks out. In addition to this, the Spanish-American War showed plainly that, though the Spanish Fleet was hundreds of miles away, so afraid were the Americans as to their home defence that part of the fleet had to be kept at home to guard the American coasts.

Our fleet cannot be free unless we have a home army capable of defeating an invading army, and it has been proved beyond dispute that we cannot get such a home army under our present voluntary system, chiefly because our system most unfairly penalises the patriotic few, whilst letting off altogether the huge majority of both rich and poor.

It is a mistake to suppose, as stated in your article, that, under Mr. Sandys's Bill, only the training now given to the Territorials could be given under compulsory training, because, under Lord Haldane's own scheme, the Territorials could be made to serve for six months as recruits.

I earnestly submit that, apart from any question of party politics, it is the first duty of every man to learn enough to enable him to defend his native land and the women and children of his race in time of national peril, and that I have the authority of the late Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman for making this statement.—Yours, &c.,

ROWLAND HUNT.

House of Commons, S.W.

April 21st, 1913.

[Does Mr. Rowland Hunt think it discreditable to Britons that they defend their country without being compelled to do it?—ED., NATION.]

FORCED SERVICE IN NEW ZEALAND.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—In your issue of the 19th I note a reference to Mr. Sandys's proposal to enforce the compulsory service of Territorials by inflicting on defaulters the loss of the vote and eligibility for public employment. Many of your readers are probably unaware that such penalties are now the law of the land in New Zealand under the Defence Act. Commenting on the first of these punishments, the "Lyttelton Times" of January 25th considers that the disfranchisement of offenders under the Defence Act is "an unjustifiable interference with the rights of citizenship, and creates a precedent of a peculiarly dangerous character . . . that the franchise is not properly regarded as a privilege to be exercised on terms framed by the majority," but the very basis of citizenship, and "to tamper with it is to endanger the whole fabric of sound government."

In a later issue of the same paper (February 21st), the editor condemns most strongly a new form of punishment for recalcitrant lads, embodied in an order of the Education Department, through which the Minister of Education (the Hon. J. Allen, who is also Minister of Defence and of Finance) attempts to make the enjoyment of free places and scholarships in secondary schools dependent on holders submitting to military training. This order would deprive "any number of bright boys" of educational advantages for which they would otherwise be eligible, "as a punishment to their parents for having perverted consciences on the question of military training." The editor concludes as follows: "An outrageous injustice of that sort ought to be unthinkable, and the sooner the Minister withdraws his proposal and buries it deep out of sight, the better it will be for his own credit, and for the credit of the Dominion." These comments have all the more weight as representing the views of a paper which upholds the Defence Act, and believes in other forms of punishment for defaulters.

My New Zealand correspondents beg us at home to be warned by the bitter experiences they are passing through under the tyranny of militarism, against which there is a

growing protest both in New Zealand and Australia—a similar Defence Act being also in force in the latter country.

Numbers of youths have been imprisoned, and fined, and prosecutions are constantly occurring.

As one who realises the extreme danger of the people of England falling a prey to a similar tyranny, I earnestly ask your help in opening their eyes to what we may expect in this country should the National Service League ever succeed in forcing compulsory training, in any form, on this freedom-loving land.—Yours, &c.,

E. CAMERON MAWSON.

Ashfield, Gateshead-on-Tyne.
April 21st, 1913.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—In the "Times" of April 12th, I notice in the report of the introduction of the National Service (Territorial Force) Bill that the Secretary of War, referring to Mr. Sandys's statement, remarked as follows: "That you should not force anyone to serve who had a conscientious objection, . . . the hon. gentleman," Colonel Seely went on to say, "explained that this provision was based on the law of New Zealand, where all persons who have a conscientious objection are exempt from military service." This misapprehension—for misapprehension it is—has probably arisen out of a statement attributed to the Hon. James Allen, Defence Minister to New Zealand, who, on reaching England in February, was reported by an interviewer as having said that "exemption certificates were granted to all conscientious or religious objectors." I drew Mr. Allen's attention to this and he told me that the report was inaccurate, and that when he was framing the clauses of the Defence Amendment Act, 1912, he had not found it possible to frame a clause to meet the case of conscience.

In the debate on the Defence Bill (see "Dominion" report, October 6th, 1912), the Hon. James Allen explained in the New Zealand House: "There are four penalties: First, the fine. If a man refuses to pay the fine, his wages might be attached. Failing attachment of his wages, he might be subjected to military detention. If he still proved recalcitrant, there must be power to commit him to prison. He hoped it would never be exercised." If these will not avail to cow the unsubmitive youth, another instrument of punishment remains—viz., "the deprivation of civil rights."

Mr. Allen was asked by a member: "Is it the intention to go on prosecuting young men who have already been prosecuted for refusing to register?" And he replied (see "Dominion," October 12th, 1912): "It will be a continuing offence." And, he significantly added: "I have brought down no legislation to deal with conscientious objectors. I have been unable to conceive any legislation to meet the case of the conscientious objectors."

Mr. Isitt, M.P., Christchurch: "You admit that they exist?"

Mr. Allen said: "I admit certainly they exist; but I think most of the really conscientious objectors base their objections on religious grounds." The religious objector who can satisfy a magistrate that (see clause 65, section 2) "if he objects in good faith to such training and service on the ground that it is contrary to his religious belief, the magistrate may grant the applicant a Certificate of Exemption."

Now, sir, I have by every week's mail a return of court cases of prosecutions, and not a single case of conscience has ever been exempted apart from religious belief, and, in numbers of cases, magistrates refuse to accept the plea of religious scruples. By last week's mail, a report reached me of Reginald Williams, who has already been imprisoned and fined—a case of an honest conscientious objector—who was being prosecuted for the sixth time. I have before me innumerable cases of the harsh and martinet character of this Act; cases of conscience—of a Quaker, Unitarian, Baptists, Roman Catholics, and others who, on strong moral grounds, not making any profession of religion, are being severely punished, and for whom no exemption exists—one Jackson, of Yoldhurst, and a farming friend, both in court for refusing to allow their sons to register. The father pleaded that his son was a fine ploughman, a local preacher, and one who believed that God meant men to dwell peaceably on earth together. The magistrate, Mr. Bailey, told

him: "If your son feels like that, he should leave the country." The father exclaimed: "You say that my son is an undesirable!" Sequel: Both boys fined heavily.

Numbers are leaving New Zealand. Is it to be wondered at? The only alternative to continuous punishment is exile.

Another youth, fined £5 and disfranchised for two years, was to be sent to the Military Detention Camp. An officer told a friend of his: "They will make men of them there or break their hearts."

It is time these facts were known here at home. It is unfair that emigrants should not know the facts, for it is not true that exemption awaits conscientious objectors.—Yours, &c.,

HERBERT CORDER.

1, Carlton Terrace, Sunderland.
April 23rd, 1913.

HUMAN GHOULS.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—The newspapers are full of reports of sins and follies, idiotic libel suits about some miserable scandal a quarter of a century old, mysterious disappearances, motor-car crimes, eloping clerics and Sunday-school teachers. All these things, however, appear the merest human peccadillos, poor little sins, hardly worth a sigh or a shake of the head in comparison with the gigantic wickedness unmasked by Dr. Liebknecht and the "Vorwärts." The German Socialist Party deserves well of mankind.

It seems to me that here is a great opportunity for our own English Liberal Press, and especially for the Labor Press now coming into existence in this country. The "Daily Citizen" and the "Daily Herald" can do the greatest service imaginable by the daily preaching of an anti-militarist crusade, by "rubbing it in," by making the ears of the workers ring with denunciations of the human ghouls who grow fat on their blood and tears. The "Krupp Scandal" casts a lurid light on the "patriotic" rubbish with which, in all countries, the people are betrayed and deceived. Let every worker in England take a Labor paper, and let these papers do their utmost to drive the lesson home. If they will do this, the people of England will not only refuse, obdurately, blankly, unalterably, to be driven into barracks, but, together with the people of France and the people of Germany, they will do away with barracks altogether.—Yours, &c.,

R. L. GALES.

Gedney Vicarage, Holbeach.
April 21st, 1913.

DISSENSIONS OF THE ALLIES.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Is it quite fair to attack, as writers in your issue of to-day do, Serbia and Greece on a charge of "treachery"? The reports of dissensions between Serbia and Greece and Bulgaria emanate almost entirely from Vienna, not a very trustworthy source. There is no confirmation of the rumored Servo-Greek treaty; indeed, it has been semi-officially denied, both at Athens and Belgrade. Nor is there any definite official pronouncement yet made as to the terms of the original Servo-Bulgarian treaty; and until there is, surely it is premature to condemn Serbia. It is alleged (see to-day's "Daily Telegraph") that the original treaty contemplated the annexation to Serbia of a large part of Northern Albania. If this is so, Serbia, which has withdrawn from North Albania in deference to the Powers, surely has an equitable claim to ask for a generous interpretation of the original agreement with Bulgaria; all the more, if it is true that Serbia could have asked for Bulgarian aid in resisting the Powers. Nor should it be forgotten that while almost all the conquest of Northern Macedonia was the unaided work of Serbia, Servian troops and siege-guns aided in the capture of Adrianople and the fighting at Tchataldja.

As for Greece, it should not be forgotten that, both before the war and again during November, attempts were made by the Turks to separate Greece from the Allies; the Turkish declaration of war did not include Greece, and during November an attempt was made by the Turks to make a separate peace with Greece on the basis of the surrender of Crete and Salonica. Nor is it fair to forget that, unofficially

at any rate, Bulgaria seems to be strongly pressing her claim to Salonica, and that Greece can hardly be expected to yield, the less because "rumors"—of uncertain origin—and even very circumstantial statements have been appearing in the English, and also, I think, in the Continental press, reflecting very gravely on the military achievements and even on the military honor of Greece in the matter of the capture of Salonica.—Yours, &c.,

AUDI ALTERAM PARTEM.

April 19th, 1913.

[We assure our correspondent that the "reports," which unfortunately are facts, as to the dissensions between Serbia and Bulgaria, to which we referred last week, did not emanate from Vienna.—ED., NATION.]

THE TROUBLE IN BRISTOL UNIVERSITY.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—I can only repeat that for some time after the foundation of Bristol University professors were on a three months' tenure. Later, a probationary period of two years was fixed for new professors joining the staff, and by a standing order of Council security of tenure to the age of sixty-five was granted to professors re-appointed at the expiration of the probationary period. A professor joining the staff has no assurance that this standing order will not have been revoked before his probationary two years have expired. It would be well if the authorities would publish the standing order of Council and the agreement under seal embodying it. For it is clear from the letter I cited in my last communication, that professors are still dubious about their "ample security," even though collectively (though not unanimously) they may have passed a resolution declaring their satisfaction with it.

My letter did not "infer" (*sic*) that professors who have received the agreement under seal are "liable to arbitrary dismissal." While the tenure of professors at Bristol may satisfy the professors themselves, it will not satisfy those who place the welfare of the University before the interests of individual professors. The Senators of Bristol University, with their "agreements under seal," may consider *their* security ample, but they cannot pretend that the probationary professors have any security of tenure beyond the two years for which they have been appointed, or that the existence of a probationary period is in the best interests of the University.

A tenure, however "ample," if it falls short of the tenure *ad vitam aut culpam* demanded by the Advisory Committee to the Board of Education, and unless secured by statute or ordinance, is emphatically to be condemned.

That agreements under seal were issued to the staff as a consequence of criticism is apparently the statement of Professor Gerothwohl, the accuracy of which Miss Staveley challenged in her letter of March 29th. As I have shown in my letter of April 5th, the accuracy or inaccuracy of Professor Gerothwohl's statement was immaterial to my argument.

As for the composition and character of Council, I prefer the testimony of members of Council, one of whom I have already quoted, to that of Miss Staveley, who has not a seat on Council. Is it necessary to point out to Miss Staveley that the character of a body is determined not by the quality of its nominal members, but by the quality of those members who attend its meetings and transact its business?

Miss Staveley claims that the Council of Bristol University is an academic and not a lay body. If so, Bristol is the only civic university that claims for its council an academic character. And, further, under the constitution of Bristol University the Council is a non-academic body whose special function is financial administration. It is the Senate and not the Council that is recognised by charter and statutes as the academic body. If Council is of Miss Staveley's opinion and claims to have an academic character, that would explain much in the past history of Bristol University. It explains, for instance, why Council has again and again flouted Senate and declined to accept its recommendations and advice. Two academic bodies in one University is an anomaly that may well be regarded as portentous—

"Two stars keep not their motion in one sphere,"

Nor, I may add, can a university "brook a double reign" of

two academic bodies. Finally, if the Council of Bristol University is of the academic character Miss Staveley claims for it, its proceedings and methods wear a more sinister look. The best apology for the Bristol Council was that already put forward on its behalf, that it was young and inexperienced.—Yours, &c.,

GRADUATE.

April 19th, 1913.

P.S.—For the benefit of Miss Staveley, I cite the following extracts from "The Stethoscope," the medical students' magazine:—

"... The allegations made against Council are all too true, and no amount of quibbling and verbose juggling on paper can get over this."

"... Feeble apologies are a very insufficient cloak to an ineffectual grasp of the functions of the ruling powers of a University."

"... Until the old University College régime is deposed, and men with some glimmering of an idea of the functions of a University are put into positions of authority, we doubt if we shall ever reach the smooth waters of success. 'Hope deferred maketh the heart sick' is a true adage, and some of us are getting very heart-sick indeed."

BRITAIN AND A FRANCO-GERMAN WAR.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—In your current issue there is a reference to the so-called military conspiracy. This conspiracy has for its object, apparently, the landing of British troops in aid of France. To this course, you take objection, and "Islander," whom you quote, has called it a "wild-cat scheme." The impotence of a fleet to influence a land power has been sufficiently demonstrated in the failure of the international fleet in the Montenegrin affair. I should like to ask you how, in the event of a French defeat, we are to prevent Germany occupying the northern ports of France? Presumably you admit that such an occupation would render our strategical position perilous in the extreme.—Yours, &c.,

G. R. PARR.

Cavendish Club, 119, Piccadilly, W.

April 19th, 1913.

Poetry.

DEEP IN A VALLEY HIGH . . .

DEEP in a valley high, soft-footed, lonely,
Guarded by happy white woods for him only
(Slopes of the coombe were in flower with the cherry)
Danced on a fall'n oak one that was merry.
Look at the boy, with one finger to stay him,
Toosed on a light bough wildly to weigh him,
Lording on one foot old Kronos occulted
Long that had lain there, shorn and insulted,
Up and down, the villain, giddily swinging,
Gusty with flight and the soar of singing,
Higher and higher his balladry launches
Skyward, the last that shall float from its branches,
Until grey Cotswolds, themselves not sorry,
Ring with his small glee, quarry by quarry!

O heavenly orchards! that one who peruseth
The song of Prometheus cunningly chooseth
To walk in at dawn—ye out-swelling mazes
Of milk-white alleys to far blue hazes
Of Stratford—a barefoot master bestrides you,
Again the genius of joy betides you,
Magnificent Spring in this brown whelp rides you!

Can it be that truant, that hedger-and-ditcher
Of Stratford, the horseboy, the world-bewitcher,
Escaped to awake us? The eye of the dancer,
Far on the plains, gives but one gay answer:
"I may be he, but this time I'll load not
My heart with dreams, save where dreams corrode not.
I may be he, but then this time leafy
Warwick shall keep me, no towns make heavy!
Orchards and hills alone shall deliver
The heart that uprises like Severn river!"

HERBERT TRENCH.

The World of Books.

THE "NATION" OFFICE, THURSDAY NIGHT.

THE following is our weekly selection of books which we commend to the notice of our readers:—

- "Life of the Right Hon. Sir Alfred Comyn Lyall." By Sir Mortimer Durand. (Blackwood. 16s. net.)
 "The Tariff Reformers." By the Hon. George Peel. (Methuen. 2s. 6d. net.)
 "The Flowery Republic." By Frederick McCormick. (Murray. 15s. net.)
 "The Life of Octavia Hill as Told in Her Letters." Edited by C. Edmund Maurice. (Macmillan. 16s. net.)
 "New Comedies." By Lady Gregory. (Putnam. 5s. net.)
 "Later Reminiscences." By J. L. Story. (Maclehose. 10s. 6d. net.)
 "Pax Britannica: A Study of the History of British Pacification." By H. S. Perris. (Sidgwick & Jackson. 5s. net.)
 "The Life and Friendships of Mary Russell Mitford." By W. J. Roberts. (Melrose. 10s. 6d. net.)
 "The Ring of Nature." By G. G. Desmond. (Methuen. 5s. net.)
 "The Abbé Edgeworth and His Times." By Violette M. Montagu. (Jenkins. 12s. 6d. net.)
 "Succession: A Comedy of the Generations." By Ethel Sidgwick. (Sidgwick & Jackson. 6s.)
 "The Arnold Lip." By C. E. Lawrence. (Murray. 6s.)
 "Les Tragédies de la Foi." Par Romain Rolland. (Paris: Hachette. 3fr. 50.)
 "La Matière: Sa Vie et ses Transformations." Par L. Houllévié. (Paris: Colin. 3fr. 50.)
 "Mein Erster Hund: Eine Geschichte." Von K. Münzer. (Berlin: Vita. M. 4.)

"THE CUTTING OF AN AGATE" is the title of a new book by Mr. W. B. Yeats to be published by the Cuala Press. We understand that it will be mainly composed of prose essays, some of them critical in character.

ONE would have thought that the career of Bernadotte, beginning as a common soldier in Louis XVI's army and ending as the founder of the present Swedish dynasty, would have attracted a crowd of biographers, but for some reason or other Bernadotte has received very little attention from English writers. We are glad to see that Mr. Murray has in the press a volume dealing with the first phase of Bernadotte's life, written by Mr. Justice Dunbar Barton, one of the judges of the Irish High Court. It will contain a number of unpublished letters and will give a full account of Bernadotte's relations with Napoleon.

"THE TRIAL OF EUGENE ARAM" by Mr. William Roughead is announced for early publication in Messrs. Hodge's series of "Notable English Trials." Eugene Aram has a double claim to attention in the world of books. Besides furnishing a theme for Hood's ballad and Bulwer Lytton's romance, he was himself an author, though his book, "Eastern Origin of the Celtic Races," was not published until more than seventy years after his death. The book proves that Eugene Aram anticipated modern scholarship in recognising the affinity between the Celtic language and the other European languages, and he seems also to have been one of the first to deny that Latin was derived from Greek.

ALTHOUGH books about London are almost innumerable and every publishing season adds several to the list, we fancy that an American writer, Mr. Percy Holmes Boynton, has found a fresh aspect of the subject for his coming volume, "London in English Literature." We have had so many accounts of the literary associations of the different London districts that Mr. Boynton will find most of his material already collected, but the task of compressing it into a single volume is far from easy. Mr. Boynton's book is one of the series of Chicago University studies, and it will be published in this country by the Cambridge University Press.

DIPLOMATISTS, or the wives of diplomatists, have during recent years given us several entertaining volumes of reminiscences, and a promising addition to the number is announced by Messrs. Black in the shape of Lady Macdonell's "Reminiscences of Diplomatic Life." The author is the widow of Sir Hugh Macdonell, who was British Minister to Brazil, Denmark, and Portugal, and was attached to the embassies

at Rome, Berlin, Madrid, and Munich. Lady Macdonell writes of the diplomatic life of these cities, and gives anecdotes of a number of famous men and women.

AN article on "The French Revolution in Contemporary Literature" by the late Mr. G. K. Fortescue in the current "Quarterly" is likely to send many fresh readers to the Croker tracts in the British Museum. Few people seem to know that in these collections English readers have access to a richer store of contemporary journals, speeches, and pamphlets on the subject than is to be found even in Paris. When Louis Blanc was bringing out his "Histoire de la Révolution Française," some French students doubted his statement that he had found such a collection, and Panizzi wrote to Croker asking for the name of the person from whom he had procured the pamphlets.

CROKER's answer is printed in the third volume of "The Croker Papers," and states that the greater part of his first collection was bought from a second-hand bookseller, named Colin, who had been Marat's printer. This and two later collections were sold by Croker to the British Museum at their cost price which amounted to less than a thousand pounds. Oddly enough, Colin had very few of Marat's writings, even of those which he himself had printed, his explanation being that there were times in which it might be somewhat hazardous to possess them. But the Museum was fortunately able to supplement this gap in the Croker collection from another source. In 1898, M. de Chevremont, Marat's biographer, who had spent a lifetime in gathering documents relating to "the People's Friend," left his whole collection, bound in seventy volumes, to the Museum. Thus English students of the Revolution have nothing to envy their French colleagues in regard to the printed sources for the history of the period.

It was natural that so enthusiastic a librarian as Mr. Fortescue should feel grateful to Croker, but he seems to us to allow this feeling to bias his judgment when he says that he "has no hesitation in pronouncing" Croker's "Essays on the French Revolution" to be "the most interesting and the most suggestive book in the English language on the Revolution."

"Croker's style," he continues, "is always somewhat rugged and unkempt; he adorns his pages with no purple passages; his mind never moves in the direction of an imaginative prose epic; but in profound knowledge of the subject, in accuracy of detail, in the power of solving those problems which can be mastered only by prolonged research, he is, in our judgment, unsurpassed even by recent French authorities such as Aulard or Lenôtre, who have devoted their lives to the documentary history of the Revolution."

The accepted view of Croker is that he wrote as a vehement partisan, and a later writer describes his studies of the Revolution as "full of the cynical spitefulness so characteristic of his intense Toryism." And are not Lord Acton and Mr. Morse Stephens, not to mention Carlyle, more "interesting" and "suggestive" than Croker?

MR. FORTESCUE's article contains another statement that needs qualification, although no one will deny its author's intimate knowledge with the literature of the Revolution. After showing that "everlasting references to Greek and Roman history" formed one of the leading characteristics of both the oratory and the literature of the period, he adds: "One may search . . . quite in vain for any allusion to the Bible (we have found two biblical references in the whole collection)." Now, while it is as true of the men of the Revolution as of Chaucer's Doctor of Physic that their "study was but little on the Bible," there are some exceptions to the rule, and one of these is Camille Desmoulins, not the least distinguished of its pamphleteers. We can only find room for two of Camille's references to Scripture, but both show that he could quote it with ease. On the title-page of his "Discours de la Lanterne" we find the words, "Qui male agit, odit lucem," together with Camille's irreverent translation, "Les fripons ne veulent pas de lanterne," while in the famous number of the "Vieux Cordelier" in which he denounced Hébert, he says: "There shall be more joy in heaven over one Père Duchesne that repenteth, than over ninety and nine Vieux Cordeliers who need no repentance."

Reviews.

ALFRED LYALL.

"Life of Sir Alfred Lyall." By Sir MORTIMER DURAND.
(Blackwood. 16s. net.)

AMONG the many answers that may be given to the poet's question "What is it to grow old?" there can hardly be one fuller of melancholy retrospect and regret than this—"It is to live to read the 'lives' of your friends."

We all enjoy biography; perhaps we do so more and more—but whose biographies? I have lately greatly enjoyed a life of Æneas Silvius, Pope of Rome; but then I never knew his Holiness. I am often harassed by a most distressing doubt whether I should think so highly, as it has been the happiness of my life to do, of Boswell's masterpiece, had I known Johnson, whose most intimate friends were those who thought least of our greatest biographical achievement. I am an immense admirer of the sixty-three volumes of the Dictionary of National Biography. I find myself constantly turning their pages—but I think very poorly of many of the biographies contributed to the supplemental volumes; and often find it hard to restrain myself from scribbling negations in their margins. The reason (good or bad) for this change of attitude is not far to seek. In the latter volumes of the great dictionary, I encounter my acquaintances—men with whom I have sat at meat. Of the others I only know what I am told. Yet "Lives" of the moderns there must be; were it only to maintain the biographical tradition, and to record facts.

The main purpose of biography, as distinguished from history, is to transmit a personality—and by this is meant the personality, not of the biographer, but of the biographee. Here, at once, we scent danger. The methods of transmitting personality are not very numerous. In these modern days when we are all authors, a man's books, if they are readable, are most useful for this purpose, and even if they are not readable, they will tell a tale, though it may not be the one their author thought he was telling. It is amazing how the traits of a man's character are to be found sticking to the pages of his book—be it prose or poetry. Next to books, come letters. For the biographer, letters are crucial. If they are really good, his task is done; if they are indifferent, he must make his bricks out of some other material, or failure stares him in the face. Of this truth, painful instances will occur to everyone. How disappointing were Lowell's letters! Another method is reported sayings—table talk and the like. I suppose the most successful examples of transmitted personalities owe their success and continued vitality to this method; being dead they yet speak, not through treatise, or poem, or epistle, but still as it were by word of mouth. Portraits and busts still play a part. Reynolds, Gainsborough, Raeburn, &c., in our own land; and abroad, how many illuminating canvases look down upon us from the walls! I would sooner part with all the biographers in a heap than with the portrait painters. Then there is the testimony of friends. This is dubious. Timidity—or, if you like, decency—stupidity, insincerity, and intellectual falsehood, are prone to destroy the value of the evidence of these eye-and-ear witnesses. Indeed, for the purposes of transmitting a personality an enemy is more to be relied upon than a friend; Izaak Walton's are, perhaps, the only good "Lives" we owe to pure friendship.

Last in the list comes biography, which, if it assumes the shape of autobiography, must be of interest, and may be of supreme importance. But, viewed as *material* for the discovery of true personality, there is more reason to be suspicious *a priori* of autobiography than of books, letters, or portraits.

I have not included speeches in my list, because *as spoken* their effect was upon a living audience; and *as printed* they may be included amongst books, usually of the unreadable class.

The late Sir Alfred Lyall had a personality known to all his many friends. He carried it with him, and made it felt

wherever he went. His appearance at any small party of intelligent people at once made a perceptible difference. How is such a personality to be transmitted in any measure? How are you going to describe it? No one description will satisfy—and a hundred would destroy—for it was a frail, brittle, delicate thing like a shell by the sea-shore. Fortunately, he has himself transmitted a good deal of it in his "Verses written in India"; and more of it can be read into his "Asiatic Studies."

Sir Mortimer Durand has written an honest, dignified Life of his old friend and former chief, and has composed a volume which one can imagine Lyall himself reading without displeasure; and he was not easily pleased. He loved the modest graces, and his tones were always low, though his heart may have glowed within his breast. I remember his once commending me for a quotation from Sainte-Beuve's "Causerie" on Camille Desmoulins.

"Oh comme, après la lecture de ces pages bigarrées, toutes tachées encore de boue et de sang, et convulsives, image vivante du dérèglement des mœurs et des âmes, comme on sent le besoin de revenir à quelque lecture judicieuse où le bon sens domine, et où le bon langage ne soit que l'expression d'un fonds honnête, délicat, et d'une habitude vertueuse!"

The best interpreters of Sir Alfred Lyall's ways of thought and mind, and consequently the best introduction to Sir Mortimer Durand's admirable life of him, are the "Verses written in India," which were composed at different times during the years 1857 to 1887—first circulated among his friends in the latter year and afterwards published by Kegan Paul in 1889. Sir Alfred himself seems to have thought but slightly of his muse, and the Life contains some harsh judgments passed by himself upon these productions. Poets who honestly think little of their rhymes are too rare to be anything but agreeable; but it was to me a shock to find Lyall writing to his sister in 1870, and telling her that the "Land of Regrets"—a poem I still cannot read without emotion akin to that which is stirred by Burns—"was something of a cynical parody. I have no such pangs myself, though on the whole I wish I had gone to Cambridge." In the same way I remember being perturbed, so long ago as 1879, when Newman, on being asked what he meant by the last two lines in "Lead kindly light," not only declined, at the end of fifty years, to remember his meaning, but hinted that he wrote them when sea-sick. Are we bound, I wonder, to believe these authors?

Anyone, however, who knows these verses intimately, from the "Old Pindaree" (the recovery of which we owe to Lyall's early and good friend, Colonel Rivett-Carnac) to the Horatian paraphrases, will be better able than anybody else to read between the lines of this biography, and to infuse into its contents the *elixir vita*, that stuff of the soul and conscience, that makes men what they are. It may be, as Sir Mortimer says, that poetry and Indian administration go ill together. The biographer remarks (294):—

"Though in England very few know the difference between an Indian Lieutenant-Governor, and an Assistant Magistrate, yet a Lieutenant-Governor is, or was, to Indian eyes, a notable personage. The point of view in the two countries is necessarily different, and as Lyall himself put it in a later letter: 'It does not do for Lieutenant-Governors to be scribbling verses in reviews!' So he discontinued the practice."

True enough, I dare say, yet when all is over and done with, and the Lieutenant-Governor lies in the mould, his verses "scribbled in reviews" come, as much-needed allies, to the assistance of his biographer—for no life is more difficult to write than that of a public functionary.

Lyall's letters do not appear to have been of great use to the biographer. This is disappointing, but we have grown accustomed to disappointment. There are four portraits of Sir Alfred Lyall in this volume. Of these, as a transmitter of personality, the pencil-sketch by the Duchess of Rutland is the best, though the photograph, taken about 1900, supplies, perhaps, a slight want.

Every reader of Sir Mortimer Durand's book will discover for himself that Lyall had what is by no means common, an interesting *mind*. He was willing to talk and ready to listen. He was at once humorous and grave, frivolous and weighty. He had thinker stamped on his features, and yet he loved action and men of action, soldiers, sailors, those who faced great perils and thought lightly of their lives. He was, indeed, rather too ready to pick quarrels with "stay-at-homes." A brick-burnt soldier was

more to him than sage or philosopher; and yet his eye gleamed with the light of speculation, and all he wrote was sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought. It was well he went to India and the "brooding East."

Sir Mortimer traces Lyall's life in India from the grim horrors of the Mutiny, which met him on the very threshold of his career, to its honored close in April, 1911. He was buried in his native Kent—"pleasantest corner the world can show."

A. B.

THE VULGARITY OF HENRY VIII.

"The Youth of Henry VIII.: A Narrative in Contemporary Letters." By FRANK ARTHUR MUMBY. (Constable. 10s. 6d. net.)

If you wish to find a modern counterpart of Henry VIII., you will have to turn to the late King Leopold of Belgium. The chief difference between the two monarchs is that, while Henry VIII. was born into the world of the Renaissance, Leopold was born into a world of commercial travellers. Each of them was a consummate egoist, unscrupulous and even atrocious in pursuit of his ends. Each of them, on the other hand, will always have his defenders on the ground that he was a good patriot—that he left his kingdom immensely richer than he found it. Henry, it must be admitted, is the more charming of the two kings to modern tastes. But that may be chiefly because he dressed more prettily; Henry VIII. in a silk hat would have been a monster. It is true he was gorgeous in other attainments besides his dress. He was a theologian. He was a mathematician. He spoke French and Latin, and understood Italian. He was a mighty athlete, of whom an Italian enthusiastically affirmed that "when he moves the ground shakes under him." He was a musician, and composed an anthem which is still, we believe, occasionally heard in English churches. He was even rather well-behaved for a time. His Court was pure, his life serene, at an age when other princes are inclined to fling roses riotously with the throng. As Mr. Mumby says, "outwardly, at least, the Court of Henry VIII. in his youth was a model of purity, compared with those of some of his successors. Whatever his later faults may have been, he never tolerated such an open parade of vice as disgraced the Court of Charles II." If he had died at twenty-five, we should have found nothing droll in Lord Herbert of Cherbury's story that, until the death of his elder brother, Henry was intended for the Archbishopric of Canterbury. And yet, even had he died in the very odor of sanctity, we could never have quite liked him. Clothes and all—and we repeat that his clothes were wonderful—he was a Tudor through and through, and this means that he was, in some radical sense of the word, vulgar. It has been said that, if we wish to realise the vulgarity of the Tudors, we have only to compare a portrait of Queen Elizabeth with a portrait of Mary Queen of Scots—to note the jewelled gaudiness of Elizabeth's dress and the exquisite beauty of Mary's. Henry VIII., like Elizabeth, was not only marvellously dressed; he was marvellously overdressed. If we seem to anyone to be laying too much stress on clothes as a revelation of personality, we must plead the eminent authority of Carlyle.

We dwell upon Henry's clothes, indeed, because they appear to us to be an expressive symbol of the world into which Mr. Mumby's most interesting volume introduces us—a world of dressed-up egoism and meanness and avarice; in other words, a vulgar world. We do not mean to deny that the age of the Tudors was one of the great ages in English history—an age of splendid discovery, of deepening national consciousness, of noble imaginations, of (in many matters) growing order. It was all this, but no one would guess it from the letters written by princes and counsellors in the early years of the life of Henry VIII. and selected and arranged in the volume before us. Here we have little but mean and tedious intrigues. We grow more and more weary as we wade through the long, insincere letters in which Henry VII. and Ferdinand and Isabella haggle about the terms upon which Catherine of Arragon is to be married, first to the King's eldest son, Arthur, and, when he had died, to the future Henry VIII. On the death of Prince Arthur it was rumored for a while that Henry VII.

himself was about to marry his dead son's wife, and the possibility that he entertained the idea need not be dismissed in too hasty disgust. Henry's plan for taking in marriage Juana, the mad Queen of Castile—a plan first communicated to Ferdinand through Catherine of Arragon—was more revolting, and yet of this we have plenty of evidence in Mr. Mumby's collection of letters. Queen Juana was so insane that she refused to believe that her late husband was dead, and she used even to carry about his corpse wherever she went, "declining all requests to bury him, convinced that in due course he would come to life again." None the less, dynastic greed persuaded Henry VII. at least to consider the advisability of marriage with her. "If the Queen's madness should prove incurable," we find Dr. de Puebla, Ferdinand's Ambassador in London, writing to his master, in April, 1507, "it would perhaps not be inconvenient that she should live in England, for the English seem little to mind her insanity, especially since he has assured them that her derangement of mind would not prevent her from bearing children."

It would be foolish to entertain too holy a horror of this episode, which can easily be paralleled in all civilised ages among the gentler classes. Similarly, perhaps, we ought to repress our impatience as we watch the Kings of Spain and England discussing the marriage of Catherine of Arragon to the Prince of Wales in the spirit of a pair of cardsharps. Catherine, poor girl, had had a tolerably sordid time of it since that November day when she rode into London on her mule in an arm-chair saddle, a girl of sixteen, "rather striking, . . . with rich auburn hair, and somewhat statuesque features, marred by an austerity which prevented her from ever being beautiful." On that occasion, Henry, then a fine strapping boy of about ten, had been among the lords and gentlemen who rode with her, and even then he must, as Mr. Mumby suggests in referring to an early portrait, have looked strangely like the man he was one day to be. "The characteristic jowl, and peculiar setting of the eyes, show in a remarkable way how, in physiognomy at least, the Royal child was the father of the man." This was the first meeting between Henry and the earliest of his wives. By April of the following year Catherine had been married and widowed; and, within three months, the idea that Prince Henry should take his dead brother's place as her husband was already being mooted. Seven years passed before it was certain that the proposal would be finally carried out. Meanwhile, we have the wretched spectacle of Catherine being starved of money by her greedy father, on the one hand, and by her greedy father-in-law, on the other. On one occasion we find her complaining that she had been forced to borrow money in order not to be left without anything to eat. To crown her humiliations, Henry, after having been betrothed to her, was compelled by his father afterwards to denounce the betrothal. On his deathbed, however, the King relented, and advised his son to go through with the marriage. His reign of prudence and greed had at least the result of leaving his heir in the position of "the greatest matrimonial prize in Christendom." Not only was the new King the secure possessor of a lordly throne, but the fortune which he inherited "would be equal in value at the present day to something like £18,000,000." If the Tudors were mean, they were at least magnificently so.

Mr. Mumby has chosen the happiest possible method of setting before us the panorama of the new reign. As in his earlier work, "The Girlhood of Elizabeth," he has constructed the history of his period from contemporary letters, artfully linked together by little paragraphs of narrative, and the result is so agreeable that we are delighted by the author's announcement that he hopes "eventually to illustrate the whole history of England" in the same manner. We will not pretend that all his documents have the lively and personal qualities of good letters—too many of them are dry-as-dust and diplomatically phrased State papers. But the book as a whole enables us to follow with a new and intimate interest the ambitious prologue of the pageant of Henry's reign. We get curious glimpses of the nation at war; for example, Henry himself with his soldier-bishops invading France, in order to humble so inveterate an enemy of the Papacy, and Catherine sitting at home and enthusiastically furthering the war against Scotland. All the King's subjects, wrote Catherine to Wolsey in 1513, "be very glad, I thank God, to be busy with the Scots, for they

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take it [for a] pastime. My heart is very good to it, and I am horribly busy with making standards, banners, and badges." And the Scottish war also gave a Venetian who was in London at the time an opportunity of paying an interesting and, we hope, deserved tribute to the morals and piety of the English forces.

"They did not take wenches with them [he wrote], and they are not profane swearers like our soldiers; indeed, there were few who failed daily to recite the 'office' and our Lady's rosary."

But it is not in the accounts of wars and expeditions, but of the extravagance and pomp and entertainment of the time, that the present book excels. The most wonderful pages in it are those which describe the wedding progress of Mary Tudor on her way to be made Queen of France, and the lavish displays arranged in honor of the Venetian Ambassadors to France and England in 1515. Piero Pasqualigo, the Ambassador to France's, description of their reception by the King at Richmond Palace on St. George's Day is a fine piece of colored writing. He tells how, after leaving their barge, they were conducted through tapestried chambers to the Royal presence, along ranks of halberdiers in silver breast-plates and with pikes in their hands; "and, by God," he observes, "they were all as big as giants, so that the display was very grand." Who can ever forget his picture of the King, "under a canopy of cloth of gold," as his visitors first saw him?

"He was leaning against his gilt throne, on which was a large gold brocade cushion, where the long gold sword of State lay; he wore a cap of crimson velvet, in the French fashion, and the brim was looped up all round with lacets, which had gold enamelled tags. His doublet was in the Swiss fashion, striped alternately with white and crimson satin, and his hose were scarlet, and all slashed from the knee upwards. Very close round his neck he had a gold collar, from which there hung a round cut diamond, the size of the largest walnut I ever saw, and to this was suspended a most beautiful and very large round pearl. His mantle was of purple velvet, lined with white satin, the sleeves being open, and with a train verily more than four Venetian yards in length. . . . Beneath the mantle he had a pouch of cloth of gold, which covered a dagger; and his fingers were one mass of jewelled rings."

That seems to us to be an almost classic description of luxury in dress. Less luxurious, though scarcely less infectious, is another Venetian's account of the May Day celebrations in the same year, when the Queen rode out to Greenwich with her "twenty-five damsels, mounted on white palfreys, with housings of the same fashion, most beautifully embroidered in gold," and was met by the King "with his guard, all clad in a livery of green, with bows in their hands," in a neighboring wood, in which were "certain bowers filled purposely with singing birds, which carolled most sweetly." It was during the Robin Hood frolics of the day near Greenwich that Henry gave a peculiarly ingenuous exhibition of his vanity to Piero Pasqualigo:

"His Majesty came into our arbor, and, addressing me in French, said: 'Talk with me awhile! The King of France, is he as tall as I am?' I told him there was but little difference. He continued, 'Is he as stout?' I said he was not; and he then inquired, 'What sort of legs has he?' I replied, 'Spare.' Whereupon he opened the front of his doublet, and placing his hand on his thigh, said, 'Look here! And I have also a good calf to my leg.'"

It is in moments like this that we come nearest liking Henry. But just at the instant when his vanity has tickled us, or his luxury overwhelmed us, comes an outbreak of meanness to disgust us, as in his treatment of his sister, Mary, and the Duke of Suffolk after their secret marriage. If Henry had beheaded them, we might have overlooked it as a royal deed; but, instead of this, he simply squeezed all the money he could out of them, like a chartered blackmailer. Perhaps there was something of the chartered blackmailer about most of the Tudors. It may have been this that made them such supreme Imperialists.

A HAPPY WARRIOR.

"Sir Frederick Maurice: A Record of His Work and Opinions." Edited by his son, Lieut.-Colonel F. MAURICE. (Arnold. 10s. 6d. net.)

THE members of the "Wolsey Gang" are leaving us fast. Wolsey himself has lately gone, and among the most conspicuous, Sir Evelyn Wood remains almost alone. We

begin to see more clearly now the special character that marked them out as a separate and distinctive group. It is difficult to describe it in one word, but, perhaps, "elasticity" would come nearest. There was about them all an alertness, a certain smiling confidence, a cheerful assurance that, no matter what problem might confront them, they would be able to solve it. They always kept themselves trim and slim and active. To use the army phrase, they were always "keen as mustard." They had no "side," but accepted even civilians with friendliness as beings of the same human race. In most cases they were touched with a dash of Liberalism, and even of philanthropy. Greatest distinction of all, they loved work, and were not ashamed of having brains.

What excellent writers nearly all of them were! Wolsey himself was a master of style; so was Sir William Butler; so was Maurice. Sometimes they were just a thought too eloquent for the army. The officer in command of a regiment at Dargai proclaimed to his men, "The General says that Dargai must be taken; the Gordon Highlanders will take it." The words have been applauded as the model of an appeal, and so it was. But General Maurice himself quotes a comment on it even more characteristic of the dumb and humorous British soldier: "What business had he to chatter on parade?" He also quotes the still finer retort of British sailors to Nelson's Trafalgar signal, "England expects, &c." "What!" they grumbled, "does the old bitch think we ain't a-going to do our dooty?" When next we hear some languishing tenor sing "For England, home, and beauty," we shall remember that retort. It reaches the very height of patriotism.

In dealing with deeply ironic people like English privates, eloquence has its dangers, and the "Wolsey Gang" were not always free from them. Both Wolsey and Butler suffered, even at the hands of politicians, and though Maurice was more discreet, he would probably have held higher command in the field if he had not been such a master of words. His literary power brought him various appointments at the Staff College and upon historic tasks, but it made him suspect when it came to action. In his case, the suspicion was unusually unjustified, for in his various positions in Ashantee, Zululand, and Egypt, he showed great capacity for command and organisation. Lord Wolsey himself twice testified to his remarkable powers of action combined with thought. Speaking to the Woolwich cadets, he once said:—

"In advising you to study if you wish to advance in your profession, I do not wish you to become bookworms. General Maurice, who is here to-day, is a fine example to you of the combination of study and practice. He is not only the ablest student of war we have, but is also the bravest man I have ever seen under fire."

That is high praise; no soldier could wish for higher. And at another time Lord Wolsey wrote equally strongly:—

"It is often said that dull soldiers make the best fighters, because they do not think of danger. Now, Maurice is one of the very few men I know who, if I told him to run his head against a stone wall, would do so without question. He is also the quickest and keenest intellect I have met in my service."

Again it was high praise; none could be higher; but Maurice was given no command in the South African War, though one would have thought that was an occasion when quick and keen intellect was rather wanted.

So he remains known more for his writings than for his active service. And, certainly, his books on "War," on "Sir John Moore," and "The South African War," together with his numerous papers and lectures on military subjects, make a good result for a lifetime. It was a national disaster that in his history of the Boer War he was constantly hampered by the interference of officials and politicians, who were resolved that nothing should be said to the discredit of their office or their party. As is well known, Maurice took over the appointment on the death of Colonel Henderson, who in his "Stonewall Jackson" had given military students one of the finest text-books in our language. He intended to embody Henderson's work, one volume of which was finished, and to continue his plan. But when Arnold Forster succeeded to the War Office, the whole of Henderson's work was rejected. Maurice had to start again from the beginning, and next year his own introductory chapters were rejected also. It was

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impossible to write a great history under such conditions, and he would probably have done better to have thrown up the appointment and left the politicians to make a suitable history for themselves. In a long letter, quoted in this volume, he shows the ignorance and party-spirit with which the War Office thwarted his intentions, even objecting to his description of the British Empire as "peace-loving." Still, chiefly no doubt in a spirit of loyal discipline, he went on with the task, and had completed two of the three volumes when he was attacked by his final illness. Even as it stands, it is an excellent piece of military history. But, as he foretold, the delay did it harm; the Russo-Japanese War distracted attention and taught other lessons; and, owing to the stupid and selfish restrictions imposed, the whole work is wanting in that spirit of personal zest that alone makes the masterpiece.

There was literature in his blood, and a tendency to broad reflection. A few of his best essays are included in this volume—rightly included, for they show the writer's nature, and still have value. It is interesting to see how often his father's faculty for speculation and philosophic thought pervades the more concrete and mainly practical mind of the son. Nearly all the essays are concerned with the soldier's psychology and the true meaning of discipline. Especially they dwell upon the great significance of the change in tactics that was forced upon all armies by the increasing range and precision of modern weapons—the change that may roughly be described as the substitution of loose formation for close formation. It was very characteristic of Maurice that in his article, "The Zeitgeist under Drill," which at the time of its appearance had great influence upon hundreds of readers, including the present reviewer, Maurice passed from the purely military question of field tactics and showed how the new discipline had its counterpart in social life, and even in theological doctrine. He discovered in the change all the difference between "a regulative creed and a creed which assumed a human faculty framed to know and enter into the mind of the Lawgiver." He describes this discovery as one of those strange experiences before which our mortal nature "trembles like a guilty thing surprised." And he adds:—

"Might not this be the mode taken by the Most High for deciding among men the question whether or no He wills to be known, or only to have His dictation obeyed."

That is not a common reflection among writers upon tactics when explaining the transition from "shoulder-to-shoulder" formations to the "extended order." Similarly, after an admirable analysis of "Unwritten Laws and Ideals" in an army, he concludes:—

"As Wellington put it, they represent the effect of a system of discipline, established and well understood. To bring this into direct conformity with the general laws of the universe, it may be translated thus: Only through the real can the ideal be seen, and then only through a glass darkly. Only through the Son is the Father revealed."

It is the voice of F. D. Maurice speaking through his son. One felt the same deep influence in his attempts to raise the physical standard of the country, especially among the poorest classes, which, just for want of employment, supply nearly the whole of our would-be recruits for the army. When in command at Woolwich, Maurice found that after a term of probation three out of every five recruits had to be rejected as physically unfit. Flat feet, bad teeth, and inherited or acquired taint of disease were the chief causes; but he rightly maintained that at the root of nearly all causes lay "a low anæmic condition," and the cause of that condition is poverty. As some kind of palliative, he helped to form the National League for Physical Education. He also became honorary Colonel to a Cadet Battalion which, anticipating the Boy Scouts, the present reviewer helped to organise in the working districts of London some twenty-five years ago, and which still flourishes and abounds. But he studied deeply in such books as Charles Booth's and Seebohm Rowntree's, and he knew very well that poverty itself was the enemy, attacking the country like a plague. A man of many interests he was, and of wide sympathies; first and foremost a soldier, but possessing many fine qualities none too common among warriors; else they would, one supposes, more often be happy.

A CONTEMPORARY CLASSIC.

"Poetical Works of Robert Bridges, excluding the Eight Dramas." (Oxford University Press. 1s. 6d. net.)

THIS edition of Mr. Robert Bridges's poems is a very daring challenge; for, although it does not bear the magic words "Oxford Edition" on the title-page, it clearly belongs to a series into which only those poets have hitherto been admitted who have passed from the approval of their own age into some security of immortality. The principle upon which the authorities at the Oxford Press have built up their justly famous series has been one of recording the announcements of posterity, not at all of anticipation. Mr. Bridges is the first poet whom they have proclaimed as worthy of inclusion during his own lifetime, and although their decision has obvious dangers as a precedent, no one is likely to quarrel with it on any other grounds. For, whilst it would be as rash to say of him, as of any other, that he is the greatest of his time, it may be asserted without the least fear of refutation, that the quality that proclaims itself above all others in his poetry is that of permanence. There are poets living who command a greater passion, who are more adventurous in their art, who have reached more stirring discoveries, but none of whose work we can so surely say that, whatever critics may rise to testify against it, time will be the least censorious of their number. There is in this poet's art no elusive and debatable quantity, nothing that we have to refer, with hesitation, to a later day for its decision. If this book were a generation or a century old, we could feel no surer of it than we do; and if it belonged to a past age, it would certainly still be a living thing. Mr. Bridges's work is a final answer to the people who contest that poetry must be new above all things. Poetry must be beautiful, that is all. But in practice, it nearly always happens that before a poet can achieve beauty, and so justify himself, he has in some measure to invent a new expression, for this invention is usually his only means of proving his sincerity—of creating beauty. If he writes as others have written before him, he will almost inevitably be no more than an imitator, and imitation can know nothing of beauty. But as it were to show that in the manifestations of art all things are possible, Mr. Bridges has consistently written as have the masters before him; and, instead of becoming their imitator, he has become one of their company. His blank verse is the direct product of a deep responsiveness to Milton.

"Keep not her sanctuary long, but seek
Boeotian Asara, where the Muses' fount,
Famed Aganippe, wells: Ocalea
Pass, and Tilphusa's northern steepes descend
By Alalcomene, the goddess' town.
Guard now the lake's low shore till thou have crossed
Hycana and Cephissus, the last streams
Which feed its reedy pools, when thou shalt come
Between two mountains that enclose the way
By peaked Abœ to Hyampolis.
The right-hand path that thither parts the vale
Opes to Cyrtone and the Lorian lands;
Toward Elateia thou, where o'er the marsh
A path with stones is laid; and thence beyond
To Thronium, Tarphœ, and Thermopylae,
Where rocky Lamia views the Maliac gulf."

To write blank verse in the manner of Milton is, whatever the debt may be and however obvious, to write blank verse greatly; and that is enough. Mr. Bridges writes a sonnet sequence, and calls it "The Growth of Love" without misgiving. It is, frankly, the latest of a long line in direct descent, and it is worthy to be named with its forbears. He writes a long narrative poem in regular seven-lined decasyllabic stanzas, divides it into twelve sections for the months of the year, calls it "Eros and Psyche," and establishes himself as a narrative poet of high rank. He writes lyrics that would grace an Elizabethan song-book, others that are unmistakably of the Restoration. And in doing all these things, his artistic sincerity is never for a moment in doubt. His distinctive achievement is to have written by example and not by invention, and yet to have forfeited none of our admiration, and to have kept his authority intact. There is no impulse in imitation, and there is a clear, vigorous impulse behind Mr. Bridges's work from beginning to end. The remarkable thing is that whilst impulse, almost as a matter of necessity, leads the poet into discovery, or at least reshaping of form, it has led Mr. Bridges

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to an unquestioning acceptance of tradition. That such acceptance could have served a poet for the complete expression of his vision, would have been incredible had it not been for the work in this volume before us. We can recall no parallel case in poetry, and it is not fantastic to suppose that a like conclusion was in the minds of the Oxford delegates when they approached Mr. Bridges. Tradition has never been so well served by a master before, and never has it given so largely in return. It is normally for the artist a discipline, a memory that serves as a corrective against lawlessness, and material that is absorbed in the imagination until it is transformed into a new shape. But here it is taken for its old unchanged values, and those values are proved again to be precious.

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SHAKSPEARE'S critics have, we fear, enveloped the biographical problems connected with him in a mist. In the antiquarian study before us, it is the contention of the author to establish the identity of the "Dark Lady" of the Sonnets with a Mrs. Davenant, the wife of mine host of the George Inn, Oxford. His process is intricate. The keystone of the theoretic arch is a certain lethargic and pseudo-classical poem—"Willobie His Avis," ascribed by authoritative critics to one Hadrian Dorrell, who wrote the induction and apology. Mr. Acheson, on the other hand, holds Matthew Roydon, Chapman's friend, to be the author. Now there is little doubt that a literary feud was waged between Shakspeare and his allies and Chapman and his, to which there are divers covert allusions in the writings of both parties. Brandes and others, with a measure of probability, assume Chapman to be the rival poet of the Sonnets. There was, no doubt, something antipathetic in the temper of the two poets, Shakspeare's popular, social, and romantic outlook conflicting with the pundit Chapman's eclectic and ascetic classicism. Moreover, they were both rivals for the patronage of the Earl of Pembroke. Though we are here treading upon highly controversial ground, the assumption of Brandes and Dowden is more plausible than any other—viz., that William Herbert, Earl of Pembroke, was the mysterious "Mr. W. H." of the dedication to the Sonnets and the passionate friend or platonic lover of Shakspeare, in the Renaissance manner, who betrayed him with the "Dark Lady," as it is unfolded in the Sonnets themselves.

But Mr. Acheson plunges in this contentious sea right out of his depth. He practically ignores the Pembroke theory, concludes, without a shadow of verification, that the Earl of Southampton was the patron in question, and dismisses "Mr. W. H." as a version of "Mrs. Harris." Furthermore, he presents us with an ingenious and elaborate strophe and antistrophe of the vendetta between Shakspeare, Chettle, and Dekker, and Chapman, Marston, Florio, and Roydon. He pins his labels with an indiscriminating hand. Holofernes is Chapman; Nathaniel, the curate, is Roydon (who, it is supposed, though the D.N.B. is very dubious about it, became a minor canon of St. Paul's); Armado is Florio. Then, again, Bottom and his "rude mechanicals" are the enemy. In "Troilus and Cressida," Marston is Thersites, and Florio Pandarus. The enemy's counter is expressed in "Histrio-Mastix," "Troilus and Cressida," "The Tears of Peace," and the aforesaid "Willobie His Avis," where the scandal of Shakspeare's intrigue with Mrs. Davenant (the "Dark Lady") is exhumed.

But the whole point of the significance of "Avisa," which certainly does refer to an Oxford innkeeper's wife and her repudiation of the advances of a "noble," is lost, from the fact that Avisa herself is eulogised as a model of chastity, which, if we are to credit contemporary records and those of John Aubrey and Anthony Wood, the seventeenth-century diarists, Mrs. Davenant certainly was not. Even if Avisa does refer to Mrs. Davenant and is a lampoon upon Shakspeare's and Southampton's relations with her, the consequent presumption that she and the "Dark Lady" are one and the same person is mere hypothesis. Compared

with it the "Mary Fitton" evidence is security itself. These haphazard conjectures are only the *disjecta membra* of criticism.

DR. CLIFFORD IN THE PULPIT.

"*The Gospel of Gladness.*" By JOHN CLIFFORD, M.A., LL.D., D.D. (T. & T. Clark. 4s. 6d. net.)

DR. CLIFFORD is one of the most strenuous figures of the Free Churches, and he has the reputation of standing for Nonconformity of a distinctly political type. However this may be, he has a power, to judge him by the present volume, of keeping, not indeed righteousness or applied Christianity, but, party politics out of the pulpit. There is not a word of politics in it from cover to cover, nothing to show to what political party or religious denomination the writer belongs. Nor is there a trace—some may wish there were—of those collectivist or semi-socialist tendencies which are sometimes made a reproach to the modern pulpit; one would gather that they had been deliberately avoided. The sermons are peculiarly English in temper. They have little of what is called, not necessarily in a bad sense, "unction"; they are not mystical; they do not, perhaps, touch the deeper things either of God or man. But they are sane, wholesome, and vigorous; if there is a tenth part of life which they leave out of account, they deal with nine-tenths of it satisfactorily. And the pulpit is for the average man; the exceptional man is best met on other ground.

The title of the book gives the key to its contents. "The Duty of Joy," "The Gospel of the Humanity of God," "The Gladness of God in Saving Men"—such are the subjects of the discourses which it contains. The preacher dwells upon

"the obligation to be cheerful and optimistic, based upon the fact that joy—religious joy, joy in God and in God's world, in human life and living, and in the service of humanity—increases the strength of the men in whom it dwells, and also of those who see the face made radiant by its presence, or hear the ringing tones with which it speaks, or share in the gifts of sympathy and help it distributes with saintly grace and divine munificence."

The historical references (p. 37) are a not uncalled for reminder of the extent to which the evil leaven of medieval ecclesiasticism survived even in the Reformed Churches, and explain passion and reasonable fears which are not extinct in these milder days. Henrietta Maria went barefoot to the Tyburn gallows, on which many a Jesuit and seminary priest suffered; and our Puritan fathers were not wanting in readiness to endure—to be just, it must be added, in willingness to inflict—persecution for conscience' sake.

"In one of the cells of Newgate, in 1592, a coffin was placed with this inscription: 'This is the corpse of Roger Rippon, a servant of Christ, who is the last of sixteen or seventeen which that great enemy of God, the Archbishop of Canterbury (Whitgift), with the High Commissioners, have martyred in Newgate, within these five years, manifestly for the testimony of Jesus Christ.'"

Under Charles II., more than 8,000 Nonconformists, Dr. Clifford tells us, died in prison: at Tyburn, under Elizabeth, Henry Barrow and John Greenwood, the rope round their necks, were reprieved "not in good faith, but in mockery," paying the following day "the penalty of a two-fold death." When we remember how trifling the issues in dispute were—whether the minister should wear a surplice or a gown; whether the Church should be governed by bishops or synods; whether prayer should be extempore or liturgical—we stand amazed, after all allowance has been made for political motives, both at the cruelty of the persecution and the obstinacy of their victims. The spirit which prompted those wicked deeds is the evil genius of Christianity. It takes differing shapes in different ages; but the two, unhappily, are never far apart, and to repress its workings not only "the sword of the Spirit," but the watchful eye of the civil magistrate is required. The clergy, Protestant as well as Catholic, are good servants, but bad masters. Their measure of men and of affairs, says the Royalist historian Clarendon, is the worst of all orders in the Commonwealth. It is essential in the interests of the community, religious as well as secular, that they be kept in their place.

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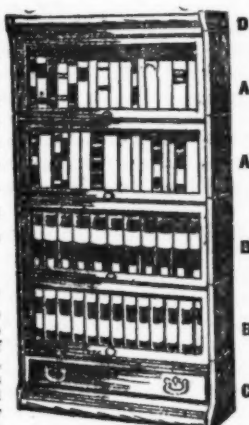
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DAUGHTERS.

- "The Browns." By J. E. BUCKROSE. (Mills & Boon. 6s.)
 "Honey, My Honey." By KATHARINE TYNAN. (Smith, Elder. 6s.)
 "A Romance of Billy-Goat Hill." By ALICE HEGAN RICE. (Hodder & Stoughton. 6s.)

THESE books make a triptych of daughters, for though each maid marries her man, it is upon the love of each for a parent that the three stories hinge. Margaret Brown and Honey de Crepigny adore a mother; "Miss Lady" a father; all suffer for their love, and at the end are rewarded.

Margaret Brown adores one of the most adorable mothers that we have met with in fiction; indeed, Mrs. Brown of the bright, wistful eyes and the adventurous spirit is the real heroine of the book. Margaret, attractive as she is, falls into the background of our memories, where she would herself have been content to abide, so long as we loved her mother in the right way. It is refreshing to be shown this side of filial and maternal love—a welcome change from the hackneyed theme of mother and son. The other phase (rarer in real life, it is true, as well as in fiction) provides, we think, a far more subtle motive. That the mother's feeling for the son, the son's for the mother, has been since the beginning of time the groundwork of so much artistic endeavor, is no doubt a proof of its authentic appeal to the imagination; but the monotony with which it has been treated has gone far towards reducing it to a cliché. What variety may be implicit in it (and we concede that probably there is not a great deal) has never been worked out in any form of art; always we have the same presentment, so that we give to-day a half-mechanical response to the too-familiar stimulus. The daughter and father—as in Mrs. Hegan Rice's book—is nearly as well-worn, and as undeveloped, a theme. There must be permutations, here also, which remain in limbo; for, again, convention seems to rule all authors who choose it as their motive.

Mrs. Buckrose's story has a freshness which both charms and moves. Margaret and her mother absorb our attention. The key-scene of the book is that where Margaret burns before her aunt's eyes the will in which that aunt has disinherited her, because she has confessed that she and her mother would travel if they ever "got money enough to do it." The girl's passionate emotion is here admirably conveyed. Her aunt dies very suddenly—on the next day indeed; and so the will which benefits Margaret is valid, though Miss Brown, hard, narrow, and tyrannical, had told the niece that directly she had got rid of her (and she got rid of her on the morning of the fatal day), she meant to re-make the burnt will, which had named a nephew, Gerald Brown, as heir. On this the "plot" hinges; and, of course, the young people marry in the end. We can figure to ourselves the stale devices by which, in most novels, Margaret and Gerald would have been long kept apart, to an identical result. None of them is here; for Mrs. Buckrose knows as well as we do that Mrs. Brown's the thing, and that everything else is subservient to the question of whether she shall be enabled to "go it" elsewhere than in London, or in Flodmouth during Christmas shopping, or "sitting tight" (because of the apaches) in a railway-carriage at the Nord Station in Paris, on the way to Lovely Lucerne, eating a pork-pie with a penknife. . . . We like Mr. and Mrs. Day; far more noteworthy, we like Gerald. Especially do we like him going home after the interview with Margaret, in which she has told him of her interference with the aunt's intentions, and he has judged, but still loved her—going home with the rain dripping from his hat-brim upon his nose, but joyfully realising (true son-in-law for the heroine that he is) how "a love which is beyond and above all other considerations may lead you anywhere—it remains an adventure."

"Honey, my Honey" is oddly similar in motive, but the treatment falls far below that of "The Browns" in freshness. Here the ancient devices are in full force; and the mother, though endearing enough, is without the radiant wistfulness of Mrs. Brown. In this book, the daughter prepares to sacrifice herself by marrying the wrong man. The title answers beforehand for the certainty that she will not marry him. We dislike this title, but no doubt it is intended not only to shadow forth the heroine's name, but to hint at the *deus ex machina*—Young America. For Young America

conquers all along the line, and in the usual way: plain, sweet-hearted old parents, amazing young girl, forceful and all too-resourceful young man, for ever "on time" at critical moments. . . . Equally hackneyed is all the rest of the machinery. Yet the poet in Mrs. Tynan lifts her book from the ruck. It is this which has given us the charming episodes of the mushroom-picking, of mother and daughter sitting in the garden amid the smell of box, and of Honey driving to the Duchess's ball in the front seat of the motor, with little drops of rain on her hair. It curled naturally.

We never read, or saw on the stage, "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch," and it is an amusing perplexity to wonder whether, if we had, we should have liked Mrs. Rice's Kentucky "idyll" better or less well. We like it, as things are, only very moderately; the problematical less or more rests on the question of how far it is made after a well-tryed recipe. We suspect that the recipe exists. The very fact that we think of a "dish" is significant; and this one would not twice be palatable. Somehow we seem to see the pan empty its omelette upon a crowded, busy stage where lime-light reigns supreme, especially at the climax, when a comic "help" is suddenly transformed to the pathetic, unconfessed mother of a child who, by a miraculous loosening of the tongue that till now has been impotent, saves the situation for the hero and heroine. . . . Tears! Joy! Curtain! and paragraphs in the newspapers next day about the child-actress who desolated us as Chick, and the serio-comic who tore at our emotions as Myrtella, the mother; about the dark-eyed, piquante "lead" as Miss Lady, the vivid *jeune premier*—how vivid, because how American, our hearers know well—as Donald; the genuine "types" as Sheeey and Flaithers, the character-actor so stupendously clever as the rustic, ugly, but triumphant, Noah Wicker. . . . Quite an amusing evening, but we should not go again to "Billy-Goat Hill"; and we shall not await, with any devastating degree of eagerness, Mrs. Hegan Rice's next book.

BOOKS IN BRIEF.

- "Scotland and the French Revolution." By HENRY W. MEIKLE. (Maclehose. 10s. net.)

DR. MEIKLE's very thorough study of the political awakening of Scotland, which he traces as much to the American War as to the French Revolution, is a valuable contribution to Scottish history. It is well documented, gives an interesting picture of the social and ecclesiastical position of Scotland at the close of the eighteenth century, and shows with effect the influence of the two great events of the period upon Scottish thought and life. Burke's "Reflections" roused even greater comment in Scotland than in England, and Mackintosh's "Vindiciæ Gallicæ" expressed the predominant feeling in Scotland towards the new Republic. Dr. Meikle deals at length with the political and social unrest which led some prominent Scottish officials to toast the standing army of France, and to welcome the fall of the Bastille, and he has a very interesting chapter on the Edinburgh "Friends of the People" and other pro-Revolution societies. His book incorporates a good deal of matter not easily accessible, and it is provided with an excellent bibliography.

- "Nelson in England." By E. HALLAM MOORHOUSE. (Chapman & Hall. 10s. 6d. net.)

MRS. HALLAM MOORHOUSE's book is not a new life of Nelson. It is only concerned with what its author describes as "perhaps the one aspect of Nelson's life that has met with neglect from his biographers—the domestic aspect, the years he spent in England." It is thus a supplement to the other biographical works, and shows us Nelson at Burnham Thorpe in the early years of his life, and treats of his home letters and his subsequent visits to this country. It may be said that the years Nelson spent in England were those of least importance to his country, but there are many people who like to follow the hero off the stage of his exploits, and to see him on holiday at home as well as exercising the profession that made him famous. For such people, Mrs. Moorhouse's book has a special interest. It shows a thorough knowledge of the subject, and is written in an agreeable style.

THE CURE OF CONSUMPTION

DR. EDWIN W. ALABONE'S TREATMENT

WHEN Dr. E. W. Alabone first introduced his successful treatment for consumption, the medical profession declared that consumption was incurable, and he was denounced for daring to say that he could cure a supposed incurable disease; but he has since undeniably proved that not only in the early stages, but also in the more advanced stages of the disease, it not only can be, but is being cured by his special inhalative treatment.

One eminent physician who thus treats all his consumptive patients, and has seen some apparently hopeless cases recover under the treatment, says that it is very gratifying to him to be able to report most favorably of Dr. Alabone's treatment in tubercular disease. He says he has had many opportunities of seeing patients who have been under the treatment which Dr. Alabone recommended him to try, and some of the cases, which had been given up by eminent consultants, have recovered in a remarkable manner. The same doctor further states that he now recommends Dr. Alabone's curative system of treatment to all his phthisical patients, which renders it possible for him to hold out a hope of recovery, instead of his having to tell the unfortunate victims that there is no chance of life.

We certainly feel that the public do not sufficiently realise the extent of their indebtedness to Dr. Alabone for his discovery. It is, however, certain that an enormous number of consumptives have been rescued from premature death by his discovery, and these cases are attested to by indisputable authorities.

In marked contrast is the fact of the woeful failure of our sanatoria to cure consumption. Many people have entered into these institutions buoyed up with the promise of being cured, only to meet with bitter disappointment, and reports are continually coming to hand undoubtedly proving that the open-air cure has ignominiously failed. A gain in weight seems to be the chief desideratum in a sanatorium; it must be obvious to our readers that to increase in weight is well enough as far as it goes, but is not by any means all that should be taken into consideration in connection with the treatment of consumption. Each case of phthisis requires its own special attention in order to successfully fight the disease, and the ability to properly carry out stethoscopic examinations of consumptive patients can only come as the results of a long course of training. No medical man has more closely studied consumption in all its forms than Dr. Alabone, and the treatment he has promulgated is the full reward of his labors.

Any sufferer from consumption who decides to adopt his treatment may rest fully assured that he or she is adopting the remedy for that disease. Apart from Dr. Alabone's treatment there is no proved permanent cure for consumption, and the unique success that has attended his labors gives a just claim to the hope that ere long it will be universally recognised, with the result of a vast saving of valuable lives. As we have already stated, an immense number of people suffering from phthisis, who, prior to

undergoing his treatment, had been given up as "incurable" by numbers of eminent consultants in diseases of the chest, have completely recovered, and resumed their usual avocations in life.

We have in mind the case of a patient living in one of the districts of South-west London who had been pronounced as an utterly hopeless case by no fewer than eight physicians. That gentleman is now in the enjoyment of good health, due entirely to the benefit he received from the Alabone treatment. A letter from this former patient contained the statement:—"I must add that my recovery is generally regarded as marvellous by my friends."

The facts which have been published prove beyond the shadow of a doubt that that merciless enemy of mankind—tuberculosis—is not necessarily fatal, for there is now an immense number of people throughout the United Kingdom and abroad who have the most complete faith in Dr. Alabone's treatment, having themselves proved its remarkable efficacy. We feel we are expressing the sentiments of all non-prejudiced and sympathetic persons when we say that every step gained in the great battle against consumption should be hailed with delight.

"I am thankful I can direct despairing sufferers to you with every hope and confidence, as in nine or ten cases I had despaired of all recovered with one exception, a very bad case, in which the treatment was not faithfully carried out," are the words of a physician in a letter he wrote to Dr. Alabone regarding the treatment of consumption by his method. One particular case in which that physician was interested was a young fellow aged eighteen years whose sister had died of consumption. He was in a very emaciated condition, and given up as hopeless, when on the advice of his physician he first consulted Dr. Alabone. He persevered with the treatment till all signs of the disease had vanished; he has for some years returned to his usual occupation, and regained his normal weight, all traces of the disease having vanished.

We could furnish details of innumerable cases similar to the above—cases verified by physicians, divines, legal authorities, and others, but space will not permit. We have, however, no doubt that further particulars will gladly be forwarded on application to Dr. E. W. Alabone.

"The Cure of Consumption, Asthma, Bronchitis and other Diseases of the Chest," by Edwin W. Alabone, M.D.Phil., D.Sc., ex-M.R.C.S.Eng., Lynton House, Highbury Quadrant, London, N. Illustrated by numerous cases pronounced incurable by the most eminent physicians. 47th Edition. 171st Thousand. Price 2s. 6d., post free, of the Author.

Other works by the same author: "Testimonies of Patients," with Comments on the Open-Air Treatment, price 1s.; "Infamous Conduct," price 6d.; "How the Cure of Consumption is Suppressed," price 1s.; "Facts Regarding the Open-Air Treatment," price 1s.

The Week in the City.

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| Turkish Unified | 86 | 86 |

THE optimistic tone of Mr. Lloyd George's speech represents, I think not unfairly, the change of City opinion which has occurred during the last few weeks. There is a feeling now that Europe is on the road to peace, and that the security markets, as a whole, have touched bottom. But, at the same time, the language used about the future of trade, in justification of largely increased estimates of customs and excise revenue, is thought by some to be unduly optimistic. Moreover, if the expenditure rises and there should be a set-back to trade, will there not be a very ugly deficit next year? On the other hand, the passage about the debt, which will have been reduced by the end of the year by over 100 millions sterling, is a really magnificent record, which will fill Continental countries with envy and amazement. Here, at any rate, Mr. Lloyd George will receive nothing but congratulations. The effect of the speech on the Stock Exchange was spoilt by the news of the fall of Scutari, and this contributed to steadiness in money and discount rates.

AMERICAN RAILWAYS.

It will be remembered that after the announcement of a \$45,000,000 new stock issue at par to existing shareholders, the shares of the Pennsylvania Railroad, which had been selling at 119 in New York, declined to 114 $\frac{1}{2}$, the lowest price touched for five years. On the same day that Pennsylvania's new stock issue was offered, the Chicago, Milwaukee, and St. Paul Railroad announced the sale of \$30,000,000 4 $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. general mortgage bonds to a banking house at 96, whereas the company's 4 per cent. bonds, which were issued under the same mortgage, had commanded that very price in the recent inactive market. The decline in the Pennsylvania shares, as well as the higher bid made by St. Paul for new capital, writes the Financial Editor of the "New York Post," at once raised in Wall Street two interesting questions—first, whether other companies will have to put out new securities on the same basis; secondly, whether the conditions which were reflected this week by the low price of the Pennsylvania and St. Paul issues are permanent. The same authority adds:—

"In well-informed railway circles the opinion prevails that three railroads out of every five are planning to make improvements as soon as funds can be raised. But, on the other hand, the majority of these companies can wait if they choose, and the prevalent belief is that, until it can be regarded as certain that high-grade bonds can no longer be sold on a 4 or 4 $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. basis, only railroads with half-completed improvements, or with troublesome floating debts to fund, will follow the St. Paul's lead."

Is an American Railroad bond worth more than the bond of a respectable Canadian municipality? This is a question one often asks just now, and it is not easy to answer.

NEW ISSUE PRICES.

Many really high-class stocks were offered to investors while the Bank rate stood at 5 per cent. and were very badly received, the underwriters commonly being called upon to

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| | | | | £ s. d. |
| New South Wales 4%, 1942-62 | 99 $\frac{1}{2}$ | 90 $\frac{1}{2}$ | 100-102 | 4 0 0 |
| Do. 4%, 1922 | 98 | 38 | $\frac{1}{2}$ dis.—par | 4 1 0 |
| New Zealand 4%, 1943-63 | 98 | 30 | 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ —prem. | 4 0 0 |
| Queensland 4%, 1940-50 | 99 | 99 | 99-101 | 4 0 0 |
| South Africa 4%, 1943-63 | 100 | 25 | 1— $\frac{1}{2}$ dis. | 4 0 6 |
| West Australia 4%, 1942-62 | 99 | 99 | 98-100 | 4 0 0 |
| Do. 4%, 1942-62 | 98 $\frac{1}{2}$ | 5 | 1— $\frac{1}{2}$ dis. | 4 1 6 |

MUNICIPAL AND RAILWAY STOCKS.

| | Issue | Price. Paid. | Price. | Yield. |
|--|-------------------|------------------|---|---------|
| | | | | £ s. d. |
| Alberta 4% Debs. | 99 | 97 | 95 $\frac{1}{2}$ -6 $\frac{1}{2}$ | 4 5 0 |
| Armavir Touapsé Rlwy. 4 $\frac{1}{2}$ % Bds. | 97 $\frac{1}{2}$ | 67 $\frac{1}{2}$ | $\frac{1}{2}$ dis.— $\frac{1}{2}$ prem. | 4 13 6 |
| Baku 5% Bonds | 95 | 95 | 96-7 | 5 2 0 |
| B.A. and Pacific 5% Debs. | 104 $\frac{1}{2}$ | 70 | 1— $\frac{1}{2}$ dis. | 4 16 0 |
| Grand Trunk 4% Con. Debs. | 95 | 95 | 92-3 | 4 8 9 |
| Grand Trunk Pacific 4% Debs. | 87 | 30 | 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ -1 dis. | 4 13 0 |
| Manitoba 4 $\frac{1}{2}$ %, 1953 | 102 | 32 | $\frac{1}{2}$ dis.— $\frac{1}{2}$ prem. | 4 9 6 |
| Mexico N.W. 6% Bonds | 93 $\frac{1}{2}$ | 93 $\frac{1}{2}$ | 89 $\frac{1}{2}$ -90 $\frac{1}{2}$ | 6 13 0 |
| Montreal 4 $\frac{1}{2}$ % | 100 | 60 | 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ - $\frac{1}{2}$ prem. | 4 8 6 |
| Saskatchewan 4% Debs. | 96 | 35 | 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ - $\frac{1}{2}$ dis. | 4 4 6 |
| Toronto 4% Debs. | 92 $\frac{1}{2}$ | 92 $\frac{1}{2}$ | 91 $\frac{1}{2}$ -2 | 4 8 0 |
| Winnipeg 4 $\frac{1}{2}$ % Stock | 100 | 100 | 101 $\frac{1}{2}$ -2 $\frac{1}{2}$ | 4 8 6 |

In the Trustee group there are not many stocks to be picked up very much below their issue prices; but several of them looked very cheap when they came out, so the buyer cannot expect to see them at a big discount. The comparative failure of the new South African Union issue was rather remarkable. The last issue of West Australian stock stands very low; but better stock are the New South Wales issues, and the 1922 loan is very cheap at its issue price. It is probable, however, that most buyers of Trustee stocks took up all they required when the prospectuses appeared, and so saved brokerage. Some of the Canadian securities just outside the Trustee group—namely, the stocks of the Provinces and of the established Eastern cities, like Toronto and Montreal—command prices which ought to make them attractive; but the British investor really seems to be getting rather loaded up with Canadian stocks. Those who believe in Canada's ultimate future (and she has one undoubtedly, though periods of depression must occur at times) might well consider the exchange from speculative Canadian issues to some of the higher-class securities. This policy, though probably involving the reduction of income for the time being, is one which is likely to pay in the long run as regards stability of capital. Some of the Western towns which have gone ahead so rapidly in the past three years have been large borrowers—probably too large—as their municipal authorities may have become so accustomed to the rate of growth that they expect it to continue indefinitely. The rate of interest they have offered has risen very much lately, and the City of Edmonton is now offering £1,000,000 of 5 per cent. stock at par. It seems most unlikely that British investors would be allowed to suffer, even if some of the borrowers get into difficulties later on, and 5 per cent. is a high rate on a colonial municipal security. The Grand Trunk Pacific debenture issue was a great disappointment, about 75 per cent. being left on the underwriters' hands. This is rather remarkable, as the price at which it was offered was lower than that of Grand Trunk Railway Guaranteed stock, which, by the way, has no guarantee of any kind. The stock has gone to 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ discount, and at that price is a much better security than either, Trunk guaranteed on 1st Preference giving a yield very nearly as high.

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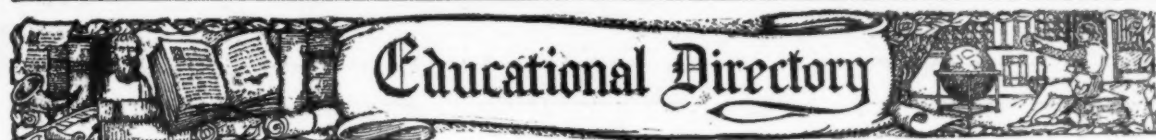
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